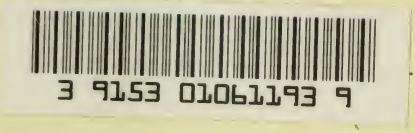
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The front of the house gave way under the shower of stones thrown at Philip by the monkeys.—(See page 191.)

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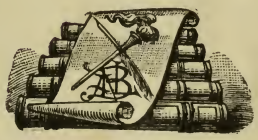
OR,

HOW PHILIP GARLAND BECAME KING OF APELAND.

By HARRY PRENTICE.

Author of "The Slate-Picker," "Captured by Zulus," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED.



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THE KING OF APELAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEALER IN ANIMALS.

SEVERAL years ago, or, to speak more accurately, in 1871, Philip Garland, a young man of not more than seventeen years, succeeded his father in the business of buying, selling and training wild animals, making a specialty of those belonging to the monkey kingdom.

Garland, senior, was well and favorably known throughout the country by proprietors of museums, circuses, and collectors generally, and his son found himself the fortunate possessor of an unblemished reputation and an extensive establishment, together with a large capital of ready money, but not a relative to whom he could turn for relaxation from the cares of business.

Philip and his father had led lonely lives, so far as intercourse with other members of the human family was concerned. As a matter of fact they were well acquainted with their regular customers; but these came only in the hours devoted to business, tarried no longer than was absolutely necessary, and probably cared not one whit how these merchants passed their leisure time.

Perhaps this comparative isolation was the cause of Philip's devoting himself with such assiduity to his profession, if such it may be termed. From his childhood the senior Garland had instilled into his son's mind the rudiments of natural history, and having the rare faculty of so presenting dry subjects as to make them interesting, he had so thoroughly enlisted the boy's attention and sympathies that when Master Philip found himself at the head of the establishment he was one of the most enthusiastic students.

Unlike his father, he was a naturalist in the full sense of the word, and devoted himself more particularly to noting the peculiarities and habits of four-handed mammals, otherwise known as the monkey tribe.

In two months after the elder Garland died Philip's collection was composed principally of apes, he having so reduced the stock by forced sales that nearly every other species of animal, as well as the entire lot of birds, had given way to the tribe in whose habits he was so deeply interested.

As a matter of course, any variety of the monkey-kind are more valuable when their talents for imitation have been developed by the aid of education, and the new head of the house of Garland & Co. made a point of instructing his live articles of merchandise in the most thorough manner.

During every hour of the day, when not engaged with customers, Philip taught the apes to throw somersaults, jump through hoops, dance, play the

tambourine, and a variety of similar accomplishments. He also had several so highly educated as to march at the word of command, present arms, fire a musket, fence, or salute in true military fashion.

Quite naturally this reduction of stock to a single and not very rare species of animal caused a corresponding falling off in the number of customers. But for this Philip cared little. His bank account was sufficiently large to admit of his conducting the business after his own peculiar fashion, regardless of whether the balance at the end of the year was in his favor or not; and as the sales were limited so did his stock increase, until, at the time when an old friend of his father's, Captain Seaworth, master of the good ship Reynard, called in company with his first and second officers at what was now little more than a monkey emporium, to give the young man good advice, he was greatly amused at the proficiency to which these long-tailed animals had been brought.

Among the large collection were four which attracted the most attention; and, as may be supposed, these were the ones upon whom Philip had spent the greater portion of his time in teaching. Two were enormous baboons, strong as giants, and of corresponding ferocity. When their instruction was begun they would oftentimes seize the iron rods which were used in the way of discipline, bending them like straws; and more than once had their teacher battled for his life when these pupils es-

caped from the stoutly-barred cage. Finally, however, both had been partially subdued through fear, not love, until, with many a grimace and angry gesture, they would obey in a surly manner the orders given.

That these brutes knew exactly what their teacher desired of them was shown even when they refused to do his bidding. Both were well aware when the hour for study had come, and from their movements one would have said they were discussing the question as to whether it was best to learn anything on this particular day or hold out against the master at the expense of a severe flogging.

Philip often said that there was no animal in his collection who understood the human voice better than these same ferocious brutes, and their disobedience was only proof of their vicious natures.

"Those fellows know enough to put me through the same course of instruction, provided they held the iron rod and had the opportunity," Philip often said to his assistants; and at such remarks the larger of the baboons actually wrinkled his face into what was very like a smile, as if thinking of the glorious time he could have in turning the tables on his not very gentle teacher.

This interesting couple had not inaptly been christened Goliah and Magog.

The other notable members of the collection were quite the opposite, both in disposition and appearance. They were a male and female chimpanzee, young, and not absolutely ill-favored, if one should

compare them with the monkey type of beauty. Both were tractable, obeyed every command as readily as the best-behaved children, and regarded their master with an affection which seemed almost human.

Philip had named the male Ben Bolt and the female Sweet Alice, because the regard which each apparently entertained for the other was quite as fervent, in their monkey way, as is supposed to have been that of the lovers mentioned in the song.

These two appeared to be perfectly contented in the Garland establishment. They were not only docile, but seemingly delighted at being able to show their proficiency when Philip taught them new tricks, and the female in particular obeyed the slightest word as readily as any human being could have done. Yet these tractable pupils, who never needed the discipline of the iron rod, had more than their share of trouble in the fact that Goliah was most desperately smitten with Sweet Alice, and would at every opportunity display this fact in a very disagreeable manner.

In his own peculiar fashion it could plainly be seen, even by a casual observer, that this monkey-love was something terrible in its intensity. Whenever, as frequently happened, the two favorite animals were allowed the liberty of the museum, this huge baboon would give proof of the most violent rage toward Ben Bolt, and on more than one occasion had Philip's iron rod been the only thing which saved the chimpanzee from Goliah's hideous jealousy.

He would shake the bars of his cage in an excess of anger if Ben came near him, and make the most frantic efforts to seize his rival; but thus far the lovers had escaped any serious injury.

Captain Seaworth, actuated by a desire to assist the son of his old friend, decided to purchase, for his amusement during the long voyage he was about to undertake, one of the baboons, and to this end selected Goliah, much to the pleasure of Philip.

His officers, following the example of their commander, also made overtures for the purchase of Ben Bolt and Sweet Alice, together with four other less intelligent but well-mannered apes of the collection.

For some time Philip was undecided whether to part with the two chimpanzees, whom he looked upon more as pets than articles of merchandise; but yielding to persuasion and promises that they should not only be cared for tenderly, but kept far from the ill-favored Goliah, he finally consented.

It seemed as if the chimpanzees understood that they were about to be separated from their kind master, and in every way by which it is possible for brutes to show grief they displayed it, until the animal dealer was forced to leave his establishment during the transfer.

Of Captain Seaworth's intended voyage Philip already knew, as did that portion of the public who make a practice of reading all the daily newspapers.

Under the auspices of a corporation made up of

coffee merchants in New York and its vicinity, the Reynard was bound for one of the many islands of the Malay Archipelago, there to found a colony for the purpose of raising coffee on a gigantic scale. The captain's orders were to consult with the agents of the corporation at Batavia, who would make a selection of some land near Borneo which could be leased or purchased, there landing the laborers, and directing their movements until the enterprise should be well begun. After that, Captain Seaworth would proceed in accordance with such instructions as might be received from home.

Thus it was a long voyage that these dumb members of Philip's establishment were to take, and it is little wonder that he feared for the safety of Ben Bolt and Sweet Alice while on shipboard with the ferocious and mighty Goliah.

If the young merchant had had the slightest idea of the wicked cunning in the breast of the huge baboon, it is safe to say he would never have consented to sell him to a friend such as Captain Seaworth; and, also, could he have known how much suffering this same animal would cause him in the future, Goliah's career might have been ended very suddenly by a pistol-ball. Then the reasons for the writing of this story could hardly have existed.

"Treat the animals well, but let them know you are the master," Philip said to the captain on the day the latter made his final visit to the establishment. "They have considerably more intelligence than is generally credited to them, and I oftentimes

imagine they understand very much of ones conversation."

Philip really believed that this species of animal comprehended many words; and it was destined that his experience in the future, although covering but a short space of time, should eclipse all he had thus far learned from books or by observation.

CHAPTER II.

MAGOG'S REVENGE.

WITHIN an hour from the time Captain Seaworth and his officers had taken their purchases to the ship, it was apparent to every employe of Garland & Co.'s establishment that the baboon, Magog, was in a towering rage.

Had he been able to speak he could not have indicated more plainly his anger at being thus separated from his old companion; and after that time it was dangerous for either Philip or the attendants to approach within reach of the cage.

His fury increased with time, until the most venturesome of museum proprietors would have hesitated to receive the huge brute as a gift, for a wounded tiger could not have been more intractable.

Many times before six months had elapsed did Philip contemplate killing the ferocious captive; but on every occasion when he had almost decided so to do, the hope that he might succeed in taming him prevented the commission of the deed.

It was seven months from the day the Reynard left port when Philip made his last attempt at subduing Magog. On this afternoon he allowed the ferocious

ape to come out into the exercise-hall of the animals' quarters, and before the lesson was well begun a number of old customers arrived, causing the merchant to return the captive hurriedly to his cage. In his desire to make haste the usual precautions were neglected, and Magog's eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he noted the insecure fastenings of his prison.

During the remainder of that day he was unusually quiet, and the keepers wondered not a little as to the cause of his remarkable docility, for there was hardly an hour since Goliah had been taken away during which he did not make the most frantic efforts to escape.

When Philip conducted his customers through this particular portion of the establishment Magog was sitting contentedly in one corner of his cage, and the merchant said, in a tone of pride:

"There is a baboon that has given me more trouble than all the rest of the collection; but I am fast subduing him, and soon we shall have no more tractable performer than he. Three months from now I will show you this fellow transformed into the most agile and willing acrobat."

Again Magog's eyes twinkled, as if he understood the remark and was content to bide his time until the plan of revenge which, perhaps, had been maturing in his mind so long, should be ready for execution.

The wily ape had not long to wait. On that very night, when the attendants vacated the large hall,

which was lined on every side with cages, they left one gas-jet burning, according to custom, and firmly barred the door on the outside. This was the opportunity Magog desired.

The bolt of his cage was so insecurely fastened as to be very easily slipped back; and as if he understood that the slightest unusual sound might betray his purpose, he stole softly into the hall, looked about him in every direction until satisfied he was the only one free, and then turned on the gas, as he had often seen Philip's employes do.

A wisp of straw from his own cage served the same purpose as a torch such as was generally used for lighting the other jets, and in a few moments he had the place brilliantly illuminated, but not in such a thorough manner as satisfied him.

More straw was at hand. He pulled armfuls from every cage, heaping it high, until his own was nearly filled, and then, with a savage cry of what might well have been mistaken for pleasure, applied the torch to this inflammable material.

In a few moments the entire room was in flames, and the vengeful baboon, leaping from one point to another regardless of his own injuries, was scattering fire here and there, until any effort at saving Garland & Co.'s establishment would have been useless.

When the morning sun arose Philip found himself without employment. All of the monkey tribe upon whom he had devoted so much time and attention were now as thoroughly roasted as any African

epicure could have desired; and among these possibly savory bodies reposed that of Magog, whose revenge had culminated in his own death.

Philip was still young. He had plenty of money at his command, and there was but one desire in his heart, viz.: to rebuild and restock an animal emporium which should far excel the one destroyed.

But this could not be done by remaining in New York.

Thus far he had been the largest dealer in animals in the country, and the combined stock of all the others put together would not have sufficed to form such a collection as the one just burned; therefore it was necessary he should search among the jungles and in the forests for the various specimens of that tribe toward whom all his studies had been directed.

When one has almost unlimited means at his command, to desire is to accomplish, providing energy is not wanting, and Philip Garland lost no time in carrying out what had now become his sole aim in life.

The bark Swallow, four hundred tons burden, was advertised for charter, and with her owners the young merchant made a bargain for the exclusive use of the craft during a period of three years.

Then came the labor of preparing cages, putting in stores, fitting the hold for the reception of the strange passengers whom it was proposed to bring back, and otherwise making the many arrangements necessary for such a cruise.

In due course of time all this was performed, and

eight months from the day the Reynard left port with the choicest portion of Garland & Co.'s collection on board the Swallow was towed down to Sandy Hook. From there, spreading her white wings, she sped away toward the Malay Archipelago, from whence she was to proceed, in case a sufficient number of animals and birds were not procured there, to the southernmost point of Africa, on her return home.

Of the voyage out it is hardly necessary to speak. The first stop was at the Ascension Islands for water, and then, passing on within sight of St. Helena, they made the Cape of Good Hope.

It had not been Philip's intention to take on any animals at this point until his return; but the agent of a Hamburg firm had just come down to the coast with a rare lot, which he offered at prices so exceedingly low as to make it an object to keep them on shipboard during the entire voyage.

The collection was made up of a black two-horned rhinoceros, three lions, two panthers, and three serpents.

The agent had expected to find the firm's ship in port; but through some misunderstanding or disaster she was not there, and it became necessary for him to dispose of the stock at any price rather than remain an indefinite length of time for the vessel, which might never come.

Philip soon effected a trade upon such a basis that if he should save either of the animals until his return home the venture would be a paying one, and

the transfer of these unwilling and unwieldly passengers was at once begun.

The rhinoceros was confined in a pen of wood and iron just abaft the foremast, where he had very little room to spare, and immediately after coming on board the huge brute appeared as docile and contented as could have been desired.

In fact, the entire collection had been brought from the shore without the slightest difficulty, and after a stay of only two days the Swallow set sail, making an offing about sunset.

When darkness settled down over the waste of waters the new passengers began to make their presence known, and from that time until morning no one on board could have entertained the slightest doubt as to the nature of this partial cargo, for the howls, roars, yelps and screams would have drowned the shrieking of the wildest tempest.

CHAPTER III.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

WITH the setting of the sun the wind came in fitful gusts, betokening a storm, if not a hurricane.

During the first few hours of darkness the rhinoceros did not join in the concert begun by the other animals; but as the wind increased in violence, and the sea became more choppy, causing the bark to reel and stagger under the heavy blows, the deck-passengers became decidedly uneasy. When the lions were not roaring, or the panthers screaming, the thick-skinned captive would utter a loud "woof," and make such an attack on his cage that the watch on deck were ready to leap into the rigging at the first sign that he was succeeding in his efforts.

Each animal had been captured singly, and all were full-grown and dangerous. The near presence of the men, the sight of each other, and the violent motions of the bark, alarmed every one. Even the serpents were wide awake and vengeful; but the rhinoceros was furious with rage. He raked his great horn back and forth across the bars of the pen whenever any one went near him, and in a dozen ways gave evidence of his strength.

Most probably the unusual motion made every mem-

ber of the collection seasick, and as the malady increased so did their rage. Philip knew that during the first forty-eight hours the danger would be greatest, and he kept a watchful eye upon the noisy passengers. After they had gotten their "sea-legs" on, as sailors express it, there would be no more possibility of trouble than under the same circumstances ashore, and to get them safely through this period of probation was now his only care.

About a quarter of an hour before midnight, when all the watch on deck save the man at the wheel were forward, the rhinoceros leaned heavily against the side of his cage just as the bark buried her bow in a green wave, which, curling over the forecastle, swept every movable thing aft. Immediately following this came a great crash, startling the already frightened crew.

The mighty plunge of the vessel, together with the weight of the animal on the bars of the cage, had crushed them like pipe-stems, and the huge monster emerged from the ruins fully prepared for mischief.

A more dangerous and vindictive creature than a black rhinoceros cannot be found. He is in the sulks nearly all the time, and while under such influence or humor will charge an elephant or a lion without fear of the result. The first thing which comes in sight is attacked, and he never cools down so long as there is anything on which to wreak his vengeance.

It was as if the tossing of the vessel served to ex-

cite his anger still more, and he made desperate lunges here and there at the nearest inanimate objects, sometimes being thrown from his feet as the bark rose or fell; and, again, splintering into fragments such lighter articles as the hen-coops, the captain's gig, which was stowed on deck, and the crates containing fresh vegetables taken on board at Cape Town.

At the first intimation of this danger, which was more imminent than the threatening elements, the sailors leaped into the rigging, and for ten minutes the monster had the deck nearly to himself.

After having fallen several times the old fellow looked about, as if studying how he could soonest recover his sea-legs, and when that brief time of apparent thoughtfulness had passed he was as steady as a sailor. The rise and fall of the bark, abrupt and sharp as it was, caused him to slide to and fro, but he never lost his equilibrium.

After thus regaining control of his unwieldy body, the first thing which attracted his attention was the cage containing the serpents. With one mighty rush he tossed it in the air, and as it came down the three hissing occupants glided in different directions, one climbing over the cage containing the panthers, the second going on to the bowsprit, and the third darting into the forecastle out of sight.

The lions and panthers immediately raised a terrible din, which, with the roaring of the gale, made the confusion most deafening. The big beast cleared

his horn of the fragments of the cage hanging to it, and then struck that containing the panther.

These animals were liberated in an instant. One ran aft into the long-boat, which hung on the davits, crouching under the thwarts; and the other, cowed for the moment, but ready for mischief, retreated to the lee-scuppers.

Without so much as glancing at the panthers, the rhinoceros dashed at the pen of the lions, smashing it into kindlings.

The largest of the three captives sprang upon his adversary's back as he shook himself free from the fragments, and perhaps his sharp claws inflicted some injury, but not enough to check the fury of the beast, who chased the second one aft to the quarter-deck.

The third lion disappeared in the forecastle; and never was a watch below awakened more quickly or more thoroughly than were those who came tumbling up, half-dressed, terrified, and not knowing in which direction safety might be found.

No ship's crew ever were in a stranger situation. It was high time sail should be shortened, the mate in charge having delayed this work until both watches should be on deck; and with these enraged animals virtually in possession, the bravest sailor would hardly have dared to leave the rigging.

The helmsman remained at his post of duty despite the fact that the panther was in the long-boat behind him, and it was his shrieks that called Philip, the captain and second officer from the cabin.

Hardly did they emerge from the companion-way when the lion which had attacked the rhinoceros came bounding aft, and the three men fled below again, the helmsman following them and closing the hatch behind him.

To leave this place of refuge immediately meant death, while by remaining in it destruction seemed equally certain. Yet, strange to say, the gallant vessel sped before the wind as if a steady hand guided her movements; and five minutes later, Philip, accustomed from infancy to such animals, had burst his way out through the deck-window of the cabin.

As a matter of course there were plenty of heavy guns and ammunition on board; and with a Manton rifle and explosive shells, he sheltered himself behind the foremast, where he immediately opened fire on the nearest brute.

While he was making every effort to draw the rhinoceros toward him, in order to get a fairer mark, the lion on the quarter-deck leaped into the long-boat upon the panther. In the merest fraction of time the two were bounding over the thwarts and tumbling about in the wildest fashion, the boat rocking to and fro as if it would upset, the screams and roars of the struggling beasts drowning all the other horrible noises.

This fight attracted the attention of the rhinoceros, causing him, despite Philip's endeavors, to make his way aft, where he came across the lion who was skulking in the scuppers. To drive the

king of beasts back toward the wheel was not difficult for the huge monster, who was now so blinded by rage that he made a direct dash at the cabin-door.

No wood ever grew that could withstand such an assault, and as the rhinoceros forced his way into the saloon the captain and second mate took refuge in the steward's pantry, where they were even closer prisoners than before.

Straight on the charge was continued!

The dining-table was overturned, the chairs swept from their fastenings like so many things of straw, and as the after-end of the cabin was reached the bark rose to a huge wave. As a matter of course this gave an additional impetus to the enormous animal, and with a crash he plunged directly through the bulk-head, which formed what might be termed a deck-lazaret, where he was held fast by the heavy timbers despite his furious struggles. This gave the imprisoned ones in the pantry an opportunity to escape, and they reached the deck just as Philip, running to the wheel, opened fire on the animals in the boat.

One discharge of the weapon point-blank at the beasts, who had grappled and were rearing up from the thwarts, together with the rocking of the frail craft, caused the combatants to topple over the rail, and two of the disagreeable passengers were stricken from the list.

At this moment one of the crew shouted that a panther, a lion and two of the serpents were in the

forecastle; and for the captain and second officer to imprison them by closing the hatch was but the work of a moment.

That the rhinoceros could do little or no damage while in his present position Philip understood from what he had been told, and he turned his attention to the remaining lion, crouching near the water-butt, while the carpenter attacked the snake, who was making his way up the mainmast.

This last passenger was disposed of in short order, but not until he had been chopped into many pieces; and during such carving Philip succeeded in implanting a lucky shot directly in the heart of the lion, which effectually ended this portion of the struggle.

The crew paid no further attention to the other animals, but bent all their energies to saving the gallant craft which had, unattended, borne them on so bravely in the face of the gale. With nearly every member of both watches in the rigging the work of shortening sail was quickly performed; and, as the bark rode more easily over the mountainous seas, Philip and the captain went below to still the struggle of their unwieldy cabin passenger.

It required a dozen shots from the heavy rifle before the huge and helpless brute gave up his life. The work of removing the body could not be attended to during the hours of darkness, neither was it deemed advisable to make any effort at cleaning the forecastle. It would be "all hands on deck" till morning; but that was a minor consideration in

view of the fact that they had escaped so many dangers.

After barricading the forecastle hatch with chain-cables and other heavy articles which would resist any pressure from within, the crew spent the remainder of the night listening to the sounds of conflict. They could hear the hiss of the serpents, the screams of the panther, and the growling of the lion until nearly morning, when all became silent. The animals were either dead or had concluded to suspend hostilities for awhile.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WRECK.

WITH the rising sun the wind abated, and when it was sufficiently light all hands set about the task of cleaning ship.

To remove the huge animal from the cabin it was necessary to literally chop him in such pieces as could be readily handled, and two hours elapsed before the last fragment had been thrown overboard to the following sharks.

Then all hands, save the man at the wheel, armed with cutlasses, rifles and capstan-bars, gathered around the forecastle hatch as it was pushed back.

A terrible stench arose, but no sound was heard. After five minutes Philip descended the ladder with a revolver in each hand; but no enemy confronted him. There had been a general battle, during which the beasts were mangled and torn in the most horrible manner, while the serpents were literally cut in pieces.

Not until twenty-four hours had passed was the bark free from odor, blood, and other evidences of the conflict; and during the week which followed the carpenter and his assistants had quite as much as they could do to repair the injury done the cabin.

Philip's venture had not proven a paying one; but

in view of what might have happened he was only too well pleased to be rid of his dangerous merchandise. As he thought of this, the first speculation since Magog destroyed the establishment, and reflected upon the result of it, there came into his mind a fear that it might be the beginning of a series of misfortunes.

Of course such superstitious fears were more than childish, and he struggled manfully but unsuccessfully to put them far from him.

That which had just occurred, however, was but a foretaste of what might be expected when there was a full cargo of animals on board; and in the forecastle the sailors discussed the possible fate of all hands during the homeward voyage.

"I've been in ships what was becalmed week in an' week out for two months, with never a cat to throw overboard," old Tom Bixbee said, as the watch below were reviewing the events of the past few hours, "but I never struck on anything like this craft. Talk of havin' a drownded man as shipmate! Why, that's nothin' compared to what's goin' to happen on this' ere barkey when she turns her nose toward home. If there's ever a chance of showin' my heels to the Swallow in this 'ere benighted place we're bound for after more jest like sich as we had last night, you'll see precious little of me!"

And Tom's opinion was very much the same as that entertained by every member of the crew.

As the bark continued on with favoring winds through the Indian Ocean, never a day passed but

that some one of the sailors had a particularly harrowing tale to tell of ghost-infested ships, and the conclusion to each would invariably be:

"But they couldn't hold a candle to a craft like this what's goin' to take on board sich a crowd as we left Cape Town with."

Sailors on a long voyage have plenty of opportunity for strengthening their strong belief in the supernatural, and in this case the reasons for misgivings were so real that it is little wonder all hands, from the boatswain to the cook, were in a state very nearly bordering on insubordination when the Swallow entered the Straits of Sunda, bearing to the westward on a course to the Celebes.

Perhaps it was because of this mutinous condition of the men that the bark was not kept true to the needle, or, again, it may have been that the captain was at fault in his navigation. At all events, on the morning of the fourth day after leaving the straits, while sailing over a mirror-like sea and under cloudless skies, the Swallow brought up with a terrific crash against a sunken reef.

In an instant all was confusion. Orders were not obeyed as promptly as should have been the case, because the sailors had settled in their minds that this was an incident to be expected during such a cruise, and for several moments the bark pounded and thumped upon the rock until, without the aid of her crew, she slipped off into deep water again.

As a matter of course, the first thing after this hidden danger had apparently been passed in safety

was to sound the well, and to the dismay of Philip, if not of the insubordinate crew, it was learned that the bark was leaking.

The damage done was something even more serious than the starting of a timber, as could be told from the fact that in half an hour the depth of water in the hold had increased from four to nine inches.

At that rate it was only a question of a few hours before the vessel would founder; but it was possible the injury might be so far repaired as to admit of her reaching some island on which she could be beached, and the men were stationed at the pumps while the carpenter and first mate went into the hold.

Tom Bixbee boldly announced that in his opinion the best thing they could do would be to "save their own precious selves, an' leave the old barkey to sink if she wanted to;" and this advice might possibly have been followed, owing to the frame of mind in which the crew were, if the officers and Philip had not assumed such a determined front.

Almost at the point of revolvers were the men forced to labor at the pumps; and as if this disaster was not enough to dishearten Philip, the elements began to play their part in wrecking the craft which had come so far for such a strange cargo.

In two hours the breeze from the south had increased to a gale. The sea suddenly rose very high, and with all the light canvas stowed, the sinking vessel was headed toward the coast of Borneo under

storm-sails only. There was little hope in the minds of the most sanguine that she could float much longer; but yet the only chance of safety was in making land.

Some time previous the carpenter had made his report privately to the captain; but the crew understood very well from the expression of his face how imminent was the danger which threatened.

The damage was so near the keel that it could not be gotten at without removing the ballast, a task which was impossible of execution owing to the rapidity with which the bark was settling.

"She would be at the bottom before we could so much as come at the leak," the first mate said; and it was owing to his report that the Swallow had been headed for the coast.

The wind increased hourly, and in addition to the water which came through the shattered hull, large quantities were taken over the rail.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a heavy sea washed away the port bulwarks fore and aft, completely flooding the decks, forecastle and cabin. The port quarter-boat was crushed like an egg-shell, leaving a few splintered fragments hanging in the davits, swinging to and fro in what the crew fancied was an ominously suggestive manner.

Then the sailors mutinied in downright earnest. With Tom Bixbee as the spokesman they declared it was useless labor to attempt to sail what was hardly more than a wreck, and that their lives were imperiled by remaining longer on board.

"The only chance we've got of saving a single soul is by sticking to the bark!" the captain shouted. "We are hardly fifty miles from the coast, and she can be kept afloat long enough to make that distance with this wind."

Again by a liberal display of weapons the men were forced to return to the pumps; but at sunset the water had gained upon them so steadily that the doomed craft began to settle and roll heavily in the cross-seas.

At this moment, when even the captain was disheartened, the starboard pump choked, and with only the port one serviceable it was no longer reasonable to think of keeping her afloat.

As the captain and Philip, both of whom had been on deck continuously since the hidden reef was struck, turned to go into the cabin for the purpose of saving such valuables as could readily be taken away, the men became like demons.

There were only two serviceable boats remaining since the gig had been destroyed by the rhinoceros and the port quarter-boat carried away in the wreck of the bulwarks, therefore the possibilities of taking off the entire crew seemed limited.

Fully aware of this fact, the men took advantage of the captain's temporary absence to abandon the ship, without regard to supplies of food and water, and despite the threats of the other officers.

The long-boat was stove in the launching, owing to the absence of discipline, and the starboard quarter-boat nearly swamped as she was dropped heavily by the unreasoning men.

When the captain came on deck the crew had taken to the boat, already half-filled with water, and were some distance from the sinking bark.

It would have been useless to force them to return, even if such a thing was possible, for the little craft could not approach the foundering bark in the teeth of the gale without being stove to pieces, and the four officers and Philip stood gazing at the rapidly retreating boat with despair written on every feature of their countenances.

This was the culmination of disasters, and from it there appeared to be no way of escape.

They could do but little toward providing for their own safety. It was simply a question of whether the wreck would float until some friendly craft could be sighted; and this was answered within two hours from the time the crew abandoned her.

While the five despairing men were busily engaged constructing a raft of such materials as could be hastily gathered from the wave-swept deck, the Swallow gave a mighty lurch to port; then rising on her stern-post, as if endeavoring to escape from the doom which was now so close at hand, she settled to starboard with such rapidity that those on board had not even time to throw over the timbers they had partially lashed together.

Fortunately, so far as Philip Garland was concerned, he had been hurled beyond the whirlpool caused by the foundering vessel, and as he struck out, instinctively rather than because of hope, his

hands came in contact with the fragments of the quarter-boat.

Dazed by the shock and blinded with the driving spray, he grasped with the clutch of a dying man the frail timbers, and heeded not the black clouds which opened to belch forth fire and peals of thunder.

The shrieking wind tossed the wreckage upon the angry, white-crested waves which gleamed like the fangs of some devouring monster, and the rain descended in torrents.

CHAPTER V.

ASHORE.

WHEN Philip Garland again fully realized his situation he could hear, above the roar of distant thunder, a continuous rumbling noise. Although never having traveled on the sea very much, he understood that this dull booming was caused by the surf, and he thought that the supreme moment had come.

Then he heard a deafening crash, from what cause he knew not. It was as if a violent blow had been delivered full upon his head, and consciousness again deserted him.

On opening his eyes it seemed as though he had been awakened from a profound sleep. The sun beamed down from a blue, cloudless sky. He raised himself and saw the ocean at his feet, but it was as placid as a lake.

He was lying on the wet beach, hardly three feet from where the waves were rippling over the sand with a musical murmur, which afforded a vivid contrast to their wild shrieking of the previous night.

Looking around on every hand, not a vessel, boat or human face was to be seen. He was alone, so far as could be told from his limited range of vision, upon an uninhabited island.

The ill-fortune which began with the destruction of his establishment by Magog had surely spent itself in thus throwing him upon this tiny speck of land on the vast ocean, where, if any one should come, it would most likely be those more implacable than the elements.

Philip knew, through books and from conversations with the captain of the Swallow, that since passing through the Straits of Sunda they were in the immediate vicinity of pirates from Sooloo or Magindinao.

Even the less warlike natives of the Archipelago were to be feared, for he remembered at this moment better than ever before the writings of an old traveler, who says:

The inhabitants of these islands exceed every other people in cruelty. They regard killing a man as a mere jest; nor is there any punishment allotted for such a deed. If any one purchases a new sword and wishes to try it, he will thrust it into the breast of the first person he meets. The passers-by examine the wound, and praise the skill of him who inflicted it if he thrust in the weapon direct.

In this particular portion of the sea, where Philip had every reason to suppose he was, the pirates have literally paralyzed trading on the water.

Every year these scourges of the Archipelago wander in one direction or another, rendezvousing on some uninhabited island, carrying devastation to all the small settlements around, robbing, destroying, or taking captive every one they meet. Their long,

well-manned proas escape from the pursuit of sailing vessels by pulling away right in the wind's-eye; and the warning smoke of a steamer generally enables them to hide in some shallow bay, narrow river, or forest-covered inlet until the danger is past.

Even while the Swallow was at Batavia information had been received from Banda to the effect that the pirates were in the vicinity with a fleet of fifteen proas, attacking and destroying the villages, and carrying away women and children as slaves. Men they seldom or never hold as prisoners. The thrust of a knife or a blow on the head with the butt of a musket serves to rid them of a troublesome captive.

Two days before the wreck the Swallow spoke a proa which had been attacked forty-eight hours previous. Three of the crew escaped in their small-boat and hid in the jungle of a neighboring island, while the pirates killed the remainder and plundered the vessel.

These men reported the force as numbering sixteen large war-boats, and the only blow struck by the traders in their own defence was when the fleet set sail, leaving a prize-crew of three on the dismantled proa. The captain, driven to desperation by his loss, swam off from the shore armed only with his parang, or long knife, and coming upon them unawares made a furious attack, killing one and wounding the others mortally.

Knowing all this, it is not to be wondered at that

Philip was filled with dismay on finding himself alone upon an inhospitable shore.

One does not willingly submit to the embrace of death, however, and before resigning himself to what now seemed the inevitable he resolved to make a last effort for life.

With this purpose in view he started toward the interior, but after traveling a few moments his legs refused to obey his will.

The exhaustion caused by the previous night's exposure and the intense heat so far prostrated him that he fell half-fainting at the foot of a palm-tree, whose cool and refreshing shade served to revive him so far that in a short time he closed his eyes.

When he awoke the sun was low in the heavens. He must have slept fully eight hours.

His limbs were yet weary, and his eyes heavy from the profound sleep. In order to dissipate the lethargy which hung over him he arose to his feet, walking rapidly forward.

Suddenly from the thicket directly in front of him he heard what sounded very like a human voice crying "Wawk, wawk, wawk!"

This was so nearly a command in his own language that Philip ran forward eagerly, fancying for the moment that he was about to see a white man, when the whirring of wings and a quick passage of gorgeous plumage against the dark green foliage told he had made the acquaintance for the first time of a great Bird-of-Paradise, which is to be found only in this portion of the world.

It was a large male, radiant in all the brilliant plumage which renders its skin such a valuable article of merchandise. The wings and tail were of a rich dark brown, the breast a deep violet, and the head and neck of a delicate yellow, the feathers being so short and close set as to resemble velvet. The lower part of the eyes was a vivid green, while the back and feet were pale blue.

The two middle feathers of the tail were what gave a striking appearance to this winged beauty. They were nearly a yard long, the extreme ends curving into a complete circle.

Never before had Philip seen even the skin of one of these rare birds, and forgetting all his troubles, he watched its flight in mute admiration.

It was to be his good fortune, while in this wretched condition of both body and mind, to see what few except the natives of the Archipelago have ever had the pleasure of witnessing—a party of feathered dancers all clad in the same gorgeous plumage as the one he had just startled.

Pushing forward softly among the foliage to catch one more glimpse of those curling orange feathers, he saw a dozen or twenty full-plumaged males on a stout limb, raising and dropping their wings, stretching their necks, and vibrating their delicately-tinted coats as if really engaged in some species of terpsichorean festivities, while now and then they darted from branch to branch until it appeared that the entire tree was filled with waving plumes.

It is at such a time as this that the bird-hunter

secures his richest prizes, and with comparative ease.

When the Malays find a tree which the birds have fixed upon as their dancing-place, a little shelter of palm leaves is built near the trunk among the branches, and in it before daylight the hunter hides himself, armed with a bow and several arrows which terminate in a rough knob. At the foot of the tree another hunter is concealed. When the dance has begun the native above shoots his blunt arrow with such force as to stun the bird, who is secured and killed by the one on the ground without its plumage being injured by a drop of blood. The others pay no attention to this sudden disappearance of their companion, and the slaughter is continued until the greater number of the birds are slain.

Philip gazed at this rare and beautiful sight nearly a quarter of an hour, and then, as if suddenly remembering his own necessities, he pushed forward once more among the matted and tangled underbrush.

Before twenty yards had been traversed the glimpse of a moving object among the trees caused him to utter a cry of joy. He had seen that which bore close resemblance to a human form, and quite naturally he believed it to be some inhabitant of the island.

Running at full speed, urged to put forth every effort by the belief that he would soon find aid, food and shelter, no inconsiderable distance was traversed during the next ten minutes. To his most

intense surprise, however, he failed to see again this figure which had so raised hope, or even to discover in what direction it fled.

Disheartened, and fancying his eyes had deceived him, he continued to make his way forward; but not with the same energy as before. He became like one who toils without hope of a happy conclusion to the labor.

Courage revived again however when, on emerging from the thicket of palms through which he had been making his way to a more open portion of the forest, the same figure stood revealed to view.

Philip now watched with the utmost attention, and was surprised at the wonderful celerity of the stranger's movements. He disappeared and then appeared again, passing from one point to another much more rapidly than any person could have run, and in many ways gave such evidence of fear that the shipwrecked young man advanced yet more boldly.

Upon arriving at the place where the supposed native had last been seen, Philip was startled, almost frightened, as the object of his search suddenly descended from the top of a tree at his very feet.

It was an ape!

With one bound the animal mounted the tree again, then leaped down, and finally placed himself immediately in Philip's path, as if to prevent him from proceeding.

One trained as Philip Garland had been could feel

but little fear of such an animal. He broke a branch from the nearest tree, and raising it with a threatening gesture stepped forward.

This movement aroused the animal to anger. He retreated a few steps, uttering loud, shrill cries, which were evidently intended as signals to his companions in the vicinity; and, as a result, troop upon troop of apes came from every side through the openings in the forest. They were of all colors and sizes, and clambered up the trees, ran along the branches like squirrels, or, taking a stand about the stranger, threatened him with their glances and gestures as they uttered hissing cries, or gnashed their teeth with such a deafening noise that the traveler grew positively bewildered.

Better than any one else did Philip understand the vicious nature of these animals when gathered in such numbers, and he knew full well that to save his life retreat was necessary.

This thought came too late, however. On every side were closely-packed ranks of apes, some of whom appeared to be as strong as gorillas, and the first movement toward escape might be the signal for his death.

Philip had in his pocket a small revolver, placed there during the mutiny on the Swallow; but of what avail would it be to kill five of his adversaries when they could be numbered by hundreds, and had hemmed him in so closely?

An attempt at flight would be as foolhardy as any effort toward intimidation. The only course which

could be pursued with the slightest chance of success was to remain silent and motionless.

With one hand inside the breast of his coat, clutching the weapon he was resolved to use only when death seemed inevitable, he stood immovable as the animals crowded nearer.

At this juncture the outer circle of apes began to chatter, as if they were discussing some new aspect of the affair which had presented itself, and a moment later the entire party suddenly began to leap to and fro, making the most hostile demonstrations.

The branch which Philip had broken from the tree was lying on the ground directly at his feet, and with a quick movement one of the animals seized it. Before he had time to place himself in a position of defense, or even to draw his weapon, the ape showered blow after blow on his arms, legs, face and head in such rapid succession that he could not avoid them.

It was difficult to remain passive under such a castigation, and also very humiliating, for one whose business had been the training of monkeys, to receive punishment from members of the same tribe he had so often flogged; but under the circumstances there was no alternative.

At the first blow the apes gave way, much as a party of men might who form a ring for two pugilists, and from their points of vantage evinced the most profound delight. A crowd of boys could hardly have shown more pleasure at the flogging of

some obnoxious pedagogue and Philip's anger almost blinded his prudence.

During fully ten minutes the punishment was continued without intermission, and it might have resulted fatally to the unfortunate animal-trader if he had not bethought himself of past experiences, when he was master and apes were forced to receive his blows.

Around his neck he wore a blue silk handkerchief after the fashion of sailors, and this he untied quickly, throwing it among the crowd of spectators, knowing full well that any bright color will attract apes more readily than food or noise.

In an instant the decorous assemblage had resolved themselves into a shrieking, howling mob. They rushed toward the one who had been so fortunate as to secure the prize, each trying in turn to seize it, chattering and screaming until the din was absolutely deafening. He who had played the part of castigator followed the example of the others, and from a friendly contest it soon became a veritable fight, during which there was but little question that the object of their desires would be torn into shreds.

This was Philip's opportunity. Not one of the combatants was paying the slightest attention to him, and after stealing softly through the foliage until the apes were shut out from view, he ran toward the interior of the island at full speed.

It must not be supposed that Philip's flight through the thicket was attended with no more in-

convenience than would be the case in an American forest. Almost every shrub and tree was infested with small black ants, and as the fugitive brushed past they loosened their hold on the foliage to literally take possession of his body.

Before running a hundred yards his face and neck were covered, and he could feel them on every inch of his skin, as they bit with a sharpness which seemed like the prick of a huge needle.

In addition to these pests, which were very painful, there was a species of blue-bottle fly, so numerous that the buzzing sounded like the humming of bees; and when they alighted on Philip's body it was with difficulty he brushed them off, for their legs seemed to contain deposits of glue, which held them firmly in place until sometimes it was necessary to actually dismember them.

His skin soon became a mass of blotches, for the poison of the insects caused the wounds to swell like boils, and it was no longer possible to distinguish his features.

CHAPTER VI.

DISAGREEABLE NEIGHBORS.

PHILIP continued his flight, regardless either of fatigue or the insects, through the brambles which tore his flesh until, on passing half-around a slight elevation which was covered with a greenish white moss, he came upon a lake fully a mile in length, and bordered by tall trees.

As nearly as could be judged he had traveled at least three miles, and in this secluded and lovely spot, which was so surrounded by foliage as to render it impossible for him to peer into the thicket further than two or three feet, it surely seemed as if he was safe from his late tormentors.

The sensation of thirst was by this time so intense as to be almost painful, and the sight of the clear, sparkling water revived his spirits to a wonderful degree.

Running forward eagerly, he knelt on the soft turf at the edge of the lake, and remained in that position ten or fifteen minutes, drinking at intervals like one at a feast who is satisfied but delays leaving the festive-board because of the enjoyment of looking at the delicacies.

With his thirst assuaged Philip's hopes revived. He believed it would be possible to avoid the apes

on an island of such extent as this appeared to be; and when he finally raised his head it was to look about him for the purpose of deciding in which direction he would find refuge and shelter for the night.

As he did so, however, a cry of dismay burst from his lips. On either hand for a distance of many yards were the very apes from whom he was trying to escape. All were kneeling as he knelt, and raising their heads exactly as he raised his, with the water running in streams from their muzzles.

No doubt they followed him through the thicket, or made their way overhead among the branches; but since the stick with which he had threatened them was not in sight, all idea of punishing the intruder was forgotten. Their faculties of imitation proved greater than the love for mischief, and thus, while he congratulated himself upon having escaped, they had gathered noiselessly around him.

However dangerous the animal-trader's position, he could not restrain a loud burst of laughter at the grotesque scene before him; but his mirth was very quickly turned to surprise when he heard the sounds of his own voice echoed from five hundred pairs of lungs.

This mockery aroused still further his mirth, and he laughed yet louder, the apes redoubling their efforts until it seemed as if each hairy throat was swollen almost to bursting.

It was an orchestra of the tropics with a leader who had no pride in the achievements of his subordinates.

As Philip sat up on his heels so did the animals, and with their heads raised high in their effort to emulate what they possibly thought was a song, a bright blue object around the throats of fifteen or twenty of the larger apes attracted the shipwrecked boy's attention.

It was hardly probable that the long-tailed denizens of the woods were educated to the fashion of wearing neckties, but yet there could be no question that these select few had on such an article of adornment. Not until after several moments did Philip understand how prominent a part his own neckerchief was playing in the scene. Each of the apes thus decorated had secured a fragment of the cravat, and, true to their imitative instincts, tied it around his neck.

Now that his strange companions were in apparently such a friendly mood, Philip thought it possible, by abstaining from any threatening movements, to get on with some degree of comfort, even though they still continued to surround him.

To sleep just then was out of the question, for the smaller members of the party were yet struggling to laugh, and he looked around for something with which to appease his hunger, which had increased very decidedly since his thirst was satisfied.

He gazed scrutinizingly along the borders of the lake, hoping to see at least some fresh-water mussels. The apes did the same, although probably not with a similar hope.

His eyes roamed among the foliage. So did those

of his companions. He saw on a number of trees near the water fruit of a bright yellow color, resembling a crab-apple in shape. If the apes observed the same they made no mention of the fact.

The trees were at least two hundred feet tall, with branches shooting from their very tops, and to climb up these smooth trunks, where there was not the slightest support for either hand or foot, was an utter impossibility.

To throw a stone so high with any degree of accuracy would be rather a difficult matter; but yet Philip resolved to try it. The shore of the lake in certain places was covered with small, sharp, flint-like stones, and thus there was plenty of ammunition at hand, even if he should be forced to try very many times before succeeding.

The first shot was not a success. The stone, after striking the trunk of the tree a few feet below the branches, bounded among the foliage with a loud noise.

The apes, who had been intently watching all his movements, hardly waited until the stone reached the ground before the entire party gathered armfuls of stones and began to fling them at the topmost branches, causing the leaves and fruit to fly in every direction.

The smaller animals, who could not send the missiles so high, formed a chain, and passing the ammunition from hand to hand, supplied those who were more skillful, until that particular portion of the forest was almost entirely denuded of its foliage.

Impelled by his hunger Philip seized a handful of the small fruits, which were evidently a species of guava, and began to eat eagerly.

At that instant the army of stone-throwers ceased their labor as each gathered a supply of fruit, and began eating exactly as did their human companion. When he raised one of the guavas to his mouth they imitated his exact movement. When he chewed they worked their jaws most industriously. When he ejected a seed from his mouth a perfect shower of seeds fell upon the sand. If he threw away a stem they repeated the action; and when, by chance, he made a smacking noise with his lips, the shore of the lake resounded with such a snapping and clattering of jaws as would have caused the "end-man" of a minstrel troupe to grow exceedingly green with envy.

The abundant harvest which, when it was first gathered, gave promise of supplying Philip with food for many days, was disposed of in a very few moments. Before his hunger was satisfied the last guava had disappeared, and the army of apes looked up expectantly, wondering what was to be the next move in this queer sport.

It may seem comical to have one's every gesture repeated by four or five hundred long-tailed, human-like animals, but it soon becomes annoying, to use the mildest term.

During fully fifteen minutes Philip sat silent and motionless, not daring so much as to raise his finger lest ten or twelve hundred fingers should be pointed

toward him; and his companions observed the same immobility.

The approach of night, which comes on so rapidly in the tropics, gave him plenty of food for reflection as he sat there surrounded by his statue-like companions. To remain in the forest during the hours of darkness with such a following was something that filled him with dread, for it was impossible to say at what moment their capricious fancies might lead to another attack, and he racked his brain in vain for some answer to the vexed question.

He had every reason to believe that during the next day he should find human beings who, however unfriendly, would at least relieve him of this throng of attendants, for the island was apparently so large that it seemed hardly probable it was uninhabited. Thus, according to his belief, the only difficulties to be encountered were from this time until morning.

But how and where should the night be passed?

CHAPTER VII.

A SINGULAR DISAPPEARANCE.

THE length of time which Philip remained motionless caused the apes to show signs of the greatest discontent. In their monkey minds there was no sport in thus sitting like statues, and two of the largest decided to make matters more agreeable to themselves if not to their human companion.

He continued to sit under the shade of the palm-tree where the feast had been brought to such an abrupt conclusion by the rapid consumption of the eatables, and these two leaders approached in a manner which was evidently friendly, but at the same time most inquisitive.

They first smelled of him, touched his hands, face and hair, and proceeded on the work of examination down to his feet, where they suddenly discovered that the shoes were not a portion of his body.

With a scream of delight one of the examiners removed the foot-covering, and then evinced the most profound astonishment at being able to take off the stockings also.

The shipwrecked man's toes next attracted his attention, and he amused himself by moving them

back and forth, evidently wondering why this stranger should be formed almost as perfectly as himself.

The other ape, chagrined at not having made as important a discovery as his companion, now gave the most profound attention to Philip's trousers, catching hold of the lower portion and attempting to pull them off.

How to check these investigations, which might be more than inconvenient when the main body of apes should consider it their duty to take part in the operation, was what Philip could not decide, as, when he stood in the midst of the throng during the first meeting, he dared not make any threatening gestures; and it is very probable he would speedily have been disrobed had not several of the spectators strenuously objected to the two leaders monopolizing all the sport.

This objection was first shown when a dozen of the party began pulling at Philip's coat and vest, some even going so far as to fancy his hair might be easily removed, and dragging out large handfuls by the roots. Before five minutes had elapsed another squad marched up to perform their part in the entertainment.

Owing to the inability of all to participate in the sport, these last seemed to consider it a solemn duty to prevent their companions from enjoying themselves, and then ensued a rough-and-tumble fight in which Philip certainly played the part of "under dog."

They screamed, tugged, pulled, and yelled over his prostrate body without either side gaining the mastery, and although he received many bruises and scratches, it was preferable to being entirely disrobed, or to seeing his garments decorating the bodies of his antagonists or companions, whichever we may call them.

Had he remained immovable much longer his clothes would speedily have been torn into shreds by the yelling, scrambling crew around him; and to lose this artificial covering in a forest through which one could not walk without being seriously wounded by the brambles would be almost as fatal as a desperate encounter. Therefore, for the first time since meeting these strange inhabitants he decided to stand upon the defensive.

By dint of much pushing and pulling, and at the expense of many scratches, he succeeded in extricating himself from the combatants, but only to be confronted by a fresh force of assailants, who were lingering on the outside of the struggling crowd. These, following the example of their leaders, seemed to consider it the proper thing to engage him in battle, and in a very few seconds it became absolutely necessary to defend himself with force.

"It's death if I don't shoot, and it can be no worse if I kill four or five; besides, the report of the revolver may frighten them," he said to himself as, backing against a gigantic palm-tree, he drew and leveled the weapon directly at the foremost ape.

His position at this moment was most critical.

That he would be torn in pieces as had been his cravat, after shooting the first ape, seemed inevitable; but he said grimly, between his set teeth:

"It is better to die while fighting than to yield without a struggle," and he took deliberate aim.

Another second and the weapon would have been discharged, unless, indeed, as was quite possible, its long immersion in the sea had rendered it useless.

Just as he was on the point of pressing the trigger a terrific shriek, such as it would hardly seem could have come from any pair of lungs, however vigorous, was heard some distance in the rear, and was prolonged until the echoes sent it rolling down the lake like detonations of thunder.

Philip stared about him in alarm, trying in vain to discover the meaning of this strange noise, and to his great astonishment the crowd of apes started with the rapidity of the wind in the direction from which the shriek had come.

On every hand among the foliage could be seen for one brief second the disappearing tails of his troublesome companions, and then he was left alone, the tumult in the distance growing fainter and fainter, as this army of animals dispersed at the highest rate of speed, until finally all was hushed and still.

He was alone on the border of the lake. Silence and solitude had in the twinkling of an eye replaced the frightful tumult, and the shadows of night were closing rapidly around him.

Utter despair gave way to hope. Now that he

was alone, the possible dangers to be encountered in the forest during the hours of darkness were as nothing compared to the relief he felt at having lost sight of the grinning, chattering apes.

It might be possible to find human beings before the mantle of night had been fully spread over the land, and he made his preparations for continuing the tramp as calmly as if his life had never been threatened. The most important task was to regain possession of his shoes and stockings, for without them it would be a matter of impossibility to walk a hundred yards, and he began the most careful search on the scene of the late encounter.

When, after not more than five minutes' hunt, the missing and highly necessary articles were found, he accepted it as a good omen, and was almost convinced that he would soon have food and shelter among human beings. This belief was strengthened by the terrific shriek which brought the battle of the apes to such a sudden end. He felt positive that the noise had been made by some contrivance of man's, although why the apes rushed directly toward it was what he could not explain.

From among the branches cut off when the animals were bombarding the trees he selected the stoutest one as a cane, as well as an additional weapon of defense, and then started around the lake, hoping to find the outlet, which must necessarily flow into the sea, before it became necessary to halt for the night.

At this place, if anywhere, would he come upon

the inhabitants of the island; and as his late tormentors might return at any moment after sunrise—it was hardly probable they would do so during the night—time must be economized at the risk of meeting with wild animals in the jungle.

Following along the shore of the lake for fully half an hour, he met with no obstacles save where the foliage came in a matted tangle close to the water, and then the sound as of a cascade fell upon his ears.

He had arrived at the destination set; but not content to remain here, although the darkness was almost impenetrable, he continued on down the bank of this waterfall until arriving at a second, ending in a basin from which, contrary to his expectations, flowed a stream of considerable size.

It was evident the coast was further away than he had fancied; and weary in limb as well as sore in body he halted for the night.

The sleep that came to his eyelids was neither profound nor refreshing. He made for himself such a bed as could be formed of leaves and moss; but on lying down, the strangeness of his surroundings and the fear of what might be lurking in the darkness prevented his eyes from closing many moments at a time.

It was a relief rather than otherwise when the surrounding objects began to stand out from a background of violet, and he knew the coming day was sending heralds abroad to announce its near approach.

A welcome breeze, the accompaniment of sunrise, swept across the jungle, cooling his fevered brow, and the fact that it was not heated caused him to believe the sea but a short distance away. As he arose to his feet, following the conformation of the stream, the thicket became less dense, and the foliage so scanty that one could see many yards ahead, until, when the sun showed itself above the horizon, not two hundred yards off the waves of the boundless ocean were revealed to view.

To his disappointment there were no signs of inhabitants; but it might be possible a village was located further up on the shore, and he made his way along the beach, halting at every sound in the thicket, fearing his old enemies might be in pursuit.

During the first hour he saw nothing to encourage, save it might be in the thousands of oysters which were spread out on the beach, a goodly portion of which had been opened, not naturally, but with the aid of a little stone placed between the shells.

Philip knew that this must be a favorite feeding-ground for such inhabitants of the island as he had already met. Oysters are a luxury to the entire monkey tribe, who succeed in procuring the bivalves by a variety of cunning means, the most common of which is to throw a stone between the shells when the oyster chances to be open. In this manner they are sure of their prey without having to run the risk of getting their paws or muzzles caught in the powerful grip of the shell-fish.

Some monkeys, as Philip knew from what he had read on the subject, particularly those of Burmah, open the oyster with a stone by striking the base of the upper valve until it dislocates or breaks, and then extract the meat with their fingers, occasionally putting the shell straight to their mouths.

The necessity of observing and understanding every object in his path, for the purpose of learning as much as possible concerning the island, caused the traveler to scan these shells carefully. The fact that monkeys are adept oyster-openers had no interest for him, save as it was the means of showing that human beings had not visited this portion of the shore; therefore he understood it would be necessary to look elsewhere for aid.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PERILOUS PREDICAMENT.

NOT HAVING had guavas sufficient for anything more than the lightest kind of a light lunch, the shipwrecked youth searched among the shells for oysters. It was a laborious way of earning a dinner, since the monkeys had cleaned out the meats pretty thoroughly, and an hour's hard work did not reward him with more than a dozen of the tiny bivalves.

His hunger was so great that he would have continued this almost futile search longer, but for the fact that the sun was sending an intense heat down upon the exposed beach, and already had he begun to feel the greatest inconvenience, and even pain. Prostration, if nothing worse, would most surely follow, unless he beat a speedy retreat.

To regain the shelter of the woods was absolutely necessary despite the desire for food; but before doing so Philip believed it of the highest importance that he should contrive some signal which might possibly attract the attention of those on board passing vessels.

The means for doing such work were limited, yet he did succeed in raising what might, perhaps, be seen half a mile away, although knowing full well

that no trading-vessels would venture so near the inhospitable coast.

Cutting the straightest and tallest stick of bamboo which could be found within a distance of a hundred yards, he stripped it of the leaves, and to the top fastened one of the two white handkerchiefs he had about him at the time of the shipwreck. This feeble attempt at a signal was planted firmly in the sand, and by the expenditure of considerable labor he heaped around the base a huge quantity of shells.

As far up and down the shore as the eye could reach a line of reef extended fully a quarter of a mile into the sea, and it was with a feeling of despondency that he looked at the fruits of his labor, knowing there was but little chance the fluttering cloth could bring any one to his relief.

To continue the journey around the coast would be to expose himself to the direct rays of the sun, and inasmuch as the reef precluded the possibility of a settlement in the vicinity, Philip determined to make his way directly across the island.

To that end he went straight into the underbrush toward the south, keeping careful watch on every hand lest he should be surprised by any of his former monkey acquaintances, and at the expiration of an hour was clambering up the side of a rocky elevation.

Of course it would have been possible to travel around the base of this hill, but the hope that from the summit he might obtain a good view of the odd

land on which he had been thrown caused him to court rather than avoid labor.

While making his way through the trees, pausing now and then to brush away the insects which rendered every movement so painful, he saw descending from a palm what he mistook for a flying-squirrel. With but little hope that he could succeed in capturing this tiny game, which would make a tempting lunch for one in his half-famished condition, he darted forward.

There was no difficulty in catching the supposed squirrel, for it proved to be anything rather than active in its movements, and as Philip's fingers clutched the body he found to his surprise that he had seized a huge frog whose deep green skin looked, in the dim light, so much like fur.

Naturalist though he was, Philip had never before seen such a specimen as this. The toes were very long and webbed at their extremities, so that upon being expanded they presented a surface much larger than the body. The fore-legs were also bordered by a membrane, and it was evident the frog was inflated during the leap, for he shrank to one-half his previous size immediately the hunter grasped him.

There could be no mistake but that this was the veritable flying-frog of the Malay Archipelago, and Philip examined it with great interest. The back and legs were of a deep green, while the under-surface was yellow, as were also the webs of the feet, each of which covered a surface of about four

square inches. The extremities of the toes were formed similar to those of a tree-frog, and it is probable the membrane was intended to be used as often for swimming as for flying.

It was not a particularly dainty morsel of food, however, and after satisfying his curiosity concerning it Philip set the little fellow at liberty, he continuing on up the difficult ascent.

He expended his strength uselessly in climbing the hill, however, for when the highest point of the elevation had been gained it was not possible to see anything above the surrounding trees. His fatigue and disappointment might have caused him to give way in despair if, just at the moment when his mental troubles were greatest, he had not observed a small animal, evidently some species of deer, about two hundred yards away.

The desire for food now outweighed all other considerations, and he crept forward among the scanty foliage with his revolver in hand, hoping a chance shot might supply him with a dinner.

When it was no longer possible to approach without danger of being seen, he took careful aim over the top of a bowlder and discharged two barrels of his weapon in rapid succession.

The deer sprang into the air and then staggered forward; but instead of falling, as the hunter so ardently desired, he started down the sharp descent on the south side of the hill.

Philip forgot his fatigue and pursued, taking a course at right-angles with the one made by the ani-

mal, in order to intercept him at the point of bushes which was evidently his destination.

With his eye fixed on the deer, noting not the nature of the ground over which he traveled, Philip rushed forward, gaining rapidly on his prey. At the objective point of foliage the animal halted for an instant, and the hunter bent every energy toward increasing his speed.

When his pursuer was hardly three yards away the deer disappeared, and thinking he had merely taken refuge behind the bushes, Philip darted around the other side, only to stop suddenly as he saw a chasm yawning before him.

He attempted to check himself so suddenly that a small stone was loosened under his foot, throwing him forward with still greater impetus, and it became impossible to regain a foot-hold.

At the very edge of the precipice he clutched wildly at what seemed to be a bush, as he was literally hurled among the branches. This slight support gave way beneath his weight, and he dropped his revolver to seize with both hands the trunk of the bush.

Down, down he went, seemingly a great distance, but still holding on for dear life; and then the foliage swung upward again in the rebound, carrying him with it, as a matter of course.

Hanging like an apple on a limb, he swayed to and fro, up and down, until the trunk upon which his very life depended had settled into nearly a stationary position.

Now it could be seen that he had dropped hardly more than twenty feet from the brow of the cliff; but this was not exactly cheering information, for he was hanging over a sheer descent of thirty or forty yards. That which he had mistaken for a bush was simply the upper portion of a reasonably large tree which grew on a shelf of the rock ten or twelve feet below the crest of the ledge.

He was grasping the trunk within three or four feet of the very top, and his weight made a tremendous strain upon the root. The wood was tough, however, and fortunately for him he bent so far from the cliff as to be suspended almost at right-angles with it.

These points were noted with the quickness of thought at the same time that a plan for saving himself came like a flash of light into his mind.

Before the strain on his arms should grow too great he determined to pull himself along the trunk like an acrobat on a horizontal bar. He could not do this, however, without causing the tree to sway violently again, and it became necessary to throw one leg over the yielding wood, where he hung in imminent danger not only of slipping off, but of being carried down the precipice together with that which he clutched so desperately, for it was only a question of time before the roots would be torn from their slight hold.

Therefore it became essential that the attempt at escape should be made in another direction.

Carefully letting himself down until he was once

more in the first position, he worked his way, with every muscle strained to its utmost tension, hand over hand toward the roots, impeded by twigs and branches until the task seemed well-nigh impossible.

Each inch gained in this direction caused the tree to resume more nearly its original position, until when he was a little more than half way toward the base the trunk stood upright, and by dropping down he succeeded in reaching the narrow ledge, from which to gain the top of the cliff was a reasonably easy task.

When Philip was once more in a place of safety it became necessary to rest his weary limbs before going in search of the game that had so nearly cost him his life. Lying prone upon the earth for fifteen minutes was sufficient to give him the required strength, and then he began to search for a practicable path to the foot of the precipice.

A detour of a quarter of a mile was sufficient to take him from the edge of the cliff to the rocky side of the hill, down which it was possible to make his way without any great difficulty.

Despite the pangs of hunger his first care was the revolver, and he followed up the narrow ravine or gully, which was thickly overgrown with shrubs, until he stood directly beneath the tree which had saved him from a terrible fall. Here he searched the ground in vain, and was about to give up the task to find the trail of the deer when glancing, by chance, along the side of the cliff, he saw the weapon lodged in the branches of a stout sapling, while not more

than thirty feet distant was an immense panther standing over the mangled carcass of the game.

Surely he was between the horns of a dilemma now. Both his revolver and the postponed dinner were so near the ferocious animal that it would be as dangerous to make any attempt at getting one as the other, and during several moments he stood undecided, knowing that the first step taken in retreat would bring the beast upon him.

A youth less versed in the habits of wild animals than Philip Garland might unwittingly have brought on an encounter to which there could be but one end. He, however, remained motionless, save as he worked his way, inch by inch, toward a thicket of shrubs without lifting his feet from the ground.

Even this stealthy retreat was noted by the animal, who began to twitch its tail as if preparing for a leap, and the shipwrecked youth knew he could no longer hold the enemy by his gaze nor gain the desired shelter. There was little opportunity for further preparation. The panther was already crouching for the spring.

Mentally bracing himself for that which seemed inevitable, he awaited the supreme moment with but one faint hope in his mind—that it might be possible to jump aside while the animal was in the air.

CHAPTER IX.

A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

JUST at the instant when Philip Garland believed his career as a trader in wild animals was to be ended by death the panther turned his head slightly and began to paw up the leaves, his tail moving angrily from side to side, much as if an adversary was approaching from the opposite direction. At the same moment was heard a fierce growling and snarling from the left, a short distance away, followed immediately by the sound of claws raking the bark as this new-comer evidently sprang into a tree.

There was now an opportunity for the shipwrecked youth to make his escape; but the fascination of the scene held him spell-bound.

The panther, who had been standing guard over the deer, crouched for an instant with every muscle quivering, and then leaped high in the air as a huge body shot from out the foliage with the force and velocity of a cannon-ball, the two animals coming together with a shock several feet from the ground.

The combatants rolled over and over, snarling like cats, full twenty paces from where the revolver hung suspended, and Philip moved cautiously for-

ward without being observed by either of the participants in the deadly strife.

A moment later he had secured the weapon, and made his way with considerable difficulty up the side of the cliff until he arrived at a stout but not tall tree, within view of the animals. To ascend the trunk of this was but the work of a moment, and he seated himself among the branches to await the result of the sanguinary battle.

Over and over the two panthers rolled, snarling and tearing at each other's throats as they uttered from time to time such roars as seemingly caused the very air to tremble.

During fully fifteen minutes these huge cats tore and slashed, each gripping his adversary's neck, and at the expiration of that time one arose to his feet with a mighty roar. The other lay dead, his glossy coat cut into ribbons, and his life-blood staining the foliage for a dozen feet on either side.

Whether the victor was the one who had first confronted him Philip could not decide; but he came directly toward the carcass, after licking his wounds; and now the question arose as to whether the hungry man should see his dinner devoured when, possibly, he had the means of preventing it.

Recharging the two chambers of the weapon which had been emptied into the body of the deer, Philip took careful aim between the panther's eyes and fired.

The ball simply grazed the animal's skull, half stunning him for an instant, and causing him to

whirl around in such a manner that there was no chance of firing a second shot with any degree of accuracy.

With an angry scream the panther leaped to his feet once more, immediately searching for this new antagonist, whom he discovered with but little difficulty after a few seconds. The blood blinded his eyes; but he made a desperate leap with such effect that one of his huge paws brushed Philip's foot. The foliage was not sufficiently thick to check the impetus of his jump, and he fell on the opposite side with a force that rolled him over half a dozen times.

Philip could not afford to waste ammunition, therefore he decided to fire only when there was a probability of hitting the mark fairly; and from his reasonably safe position he watched the antics of the enraged animal.

Three different times did the panther run back from the tree and then spring toward his enemy, but never leaping higher than at the first attempt. With each failure he lost more and more of his temper. He rolled on the ground and roared in impotent rage, made frantic rushes at the tree, and twice climbed nearly to where Philip sat.

Four times did the hunter fire point-blank at the animal; but little execution was done, save to further enrage the beast, because of the foliage which impeded the view.

It was not until after fully an hour had passed that the panther settled down on his haunches and



As Philip emerged from the ravine he discovered a panther standing over the game.—(See page 67.)

gazed steadily at the tree, as if trying to decide what his next move should be.

This was the opportunity for which Philip had waited, and with a well-directed shot he ended the contest, tumbling the huge cat over, where, after a few spasmodic twitches of the muscles, he lay motionless and dead.

When Philip became convinced there was no longer any life in the beast he descended from the tree, hastily cut out a quarter of the deer, and made his way with all possible speed down the ravine, for the neighborhood was one in which he did not care to linger. Under other circumstances he might have had sufficient curiosity to examine the bodies of the animals; but just now it was dinner, not natural history, in which he was interested, and his one thought was to roast as quickly as possible the meat which had so nearly cost him his life.

By following up the ravine toward the east he came upon a small stream which had its source among a series of hills, of which the one he ascended was the westernmost, and here he halted.

After gathering a quantity of dry twigs and leaves he soon started a blaze by discharging his revolver directly into the inflammable material, and half an hour later his hunger was satisfied with venison steaks, several of which were eaten before the fire had made any very great change in their appearance.

The fatigue, excitement and mental distress of the past three days had wearied him to the verge of

exhaustion, and now that the desire for food was appeased he hastened to enjoy the repose so sadly needed.

Among some tamarind-trees which grew near the edge of the stream he laid down, after hanging the remnant of meat among the branches for safe-keeping, and hardly was his head upon the mossy pillow ere his eyes closed in the most profound slumber.

How long that sleep lasted he knew not, save from the fact that when he closed his eyes the sun was in the zenith, and on opening them again it was precisely at the same point; therefore it seemed as if what was intended for a short nap must have continued exactly twenty-four hours.

The meat hung where he left it; but the tropical sun had already begun to taint it. To a man in Philip's position such an incident is but trifling, and despite its condition he broiled for himself another meal, saying, as he did so:

"I sha'n't miss the seasoning while it is so rank, therefore there is no great loss without some small gain."

After the repast was ended he remained seated in the shelter of the trees trying to form some plan of relief, when he became aware of a certain rustling near-by which could not have been produced by the gentle breeze among the foliage.

Any unusual sound, however slight, in such a place demanded immediate attention, because of the variety of enemies he had already met, and with his revolver ready for instant use he advanced cau-

tiously toward the spot from whence the noise appeared to proceed.

Slowly, on tiptoe and with bated breath, he continued his way to a thicket of mimosas, and raising the thorny branches with the utmost caution peered forward at that which caused him to stand as if spell-bound with horror.

Before him, suspended to the branches of a tree, was a huge skeleton, its bones, which were bleached white as ivory, standing out in vivid contrast against the dark green leaves.

It was some moments before Philip could control his emotions sufficiently to approach this horrible object; but when he did so, alarm gave way to surprise. He seized the foot of the rustling, ominous-looking fruit borne by the mimosa, but it proved to be a hand. In an instant he understood that the skeleton was that of an ape—a gigantic mandrill, enemy of the baboon, with whom it shares the empire of ferocity.

Judging from the size of the bones, Philip knew that the ape to which it formerly belonged must have surpassed in size and strength any of the species he had ever seen; but how it chanced to be suspended in such a manner was something concerning which he could form no plausible idea.

That the animal had been skinned before being strung up like a malefactor was apparent from the fact that no fragment of hide was to be found at the bottom of the tree or clinging to the bones.

Improbable as was the thought, Philip fancied

he looked upon the evidences of an execution. It surely appeared as if the mandrill had been hanged, and then, to make the punishment more degrading, skinned after death.

As may be supposed, Philip did not linger long in this vicinity. His own condition afforded plenty of food for sorrow, and there was no necessity to torture his mind with a sinister object such as called forth speculations which could not be otherwise than painful.

The suspended skeleton had the effect, however, of lessening his troubles to a certain extent, for as he made his way toward the east once more there was in his mind plenty of food for thought other than the forlorn condition in which he had so suddenly been plunged.

What spot on this vast globe had he found where apes usurped the place of man? And was there a human being dwelling on the island? How did it happen that the different species of monkeys he had seen were so familiar with man?

This last question caused him to have more faith that he would soon find others of his kind, and he pressed forward with renewed hope and vigor.

CHAPTER X.

A REMARKABLE GATHERING.

REFRESHED by the profound slumber, and his mind fully occupied with thoughts called forth by the discovery of the skeleton, Philip continued straight on, knowing not where he was going until nightfall. So intent was he on this subject that he felt no fatigue, but traveled like one in a dream through the forest, which was partially illumined by the moon; and not until this pale, cold light underwent a most complete change did he fully realize what was passing around him.

The diminution of light, the gray, reddish mist which arose on the air, came from no natural cause, and Philip instinctively climbed a tree to gain, if possible, a more extended view.

To his great joy, from this point of vantage he could see flames on the further side of the island. Fire betokened the presence of human beings, and with a glad cry Philip descended from the tree to press forward at full speed.

The conflagration, however, was much further away than he at first supposed. An hour passed, and yet he had not approached near enough to discern it through the thicket. Several times, while

following the depressions of the land, his range of vision was so obscured that it became necessary to again climb a tree to make certain he was pursuing the proper direction, and after four hours had elapsed the guiding light died away entirely.

He was now without any means of shaping a course, and, knowing full well the folly of traveling at random in a forest during the night when objects are distorted by the gloom, he came to a halt.

While groping around to find a suitable place in which to sleep, he discovered, to his great surprise, that the trees no longer grew at irregular intervals, but were standing in straight rows, as if planted by the hand of man. The soil had every appearance of having been tilled; instead of walking on a springy turf, or over the decaying leaves of the jungle, his feet sunk in the loam. The foliage no longer presented such a variety of plants, but was all of the same species and covered thickly with fruit.

Plucking one from a branch that bent down within reach he discovered that it was a guava, produced by a regular system of culture. There was an absence of harshness which characterizes this fruit in its natural state, and the discovery was further proof to him that human beings dwelt upon the island.

After a light repast of the pleasant-flavored but ill-smelling apple he lay down to rest, and did not awaken until a terrific uproar, similar to that which so startled his disagreeable companions the first day

of his arrival at the island, rang out on the clear air.

The din, indistinct at first, assumed the various gradations belonging to the voices of wild animals—from the tiger's snarl and the howling of the hyena to the most piercing shrieks and shrillest whistles.

It was but natural that Philip should feel thoroughly alarmed, and make every effort to seek refuge from this new danger which seemed close at hand. Running forward he followed, without absolutely intending to do so, the line of cultivated trees, and at the further end, in what appeared to be a vast thicket, he crouched, waiting until the sun should reveal the denizens of the jungle.

The day, which in the tropics does not steal on by degrees but bursts forth in a sudden glory, filled the forest with dazzling light, and through the numerous openings in the foliage Philip beheld that which might seem to be improbable but for the fact that it can be supported by the testimony of one of the most celebrated German naturalists.

In a vast cleared space which formed a natural arena was a group of individuals partially clad in uniforms such as are worn by many of our merchant-sailors, who believe that a distinctive dress on shipboard is conducive to discipline.

The members of this gathering were seated on a slight elevation apparently in grave deliberation, as if holding a sort of court-martial, while among them was one who towered above the others, with a cap on which were three bands of gold-lace, and a coat plentifully bedecked with the same material.

It was not the uniforms nor the positions of these individuals which surprised Philip. The cause of his profound astonishment, amounting almost to bewilderment, was the fact that the entire assembly was composed of apes, and the one in authority wore a uniform identical with that which Philip had seen on Captain Seaworth the day when he and his officers made the purchases at the animal-trainer's establishment.

Composing this court—if such it can be called—and ranged about the leader in circles, were all species of the monkey-tribe, or, to speak more correctly, the ferocious members of that large family. Each one was clad in some portion of a uniform, but none save the leader boasted of an entire suit. Two or three had nothing more than caps; others wore trousers, and several displayed partial suits of underclothing. One ape was the proud possessor of a blue coat; another carried a saber with the belt around his neck, while a number had the weapons minus belts. Two or three were fortunate only in having gloves, which were as often on their feet as their hands. Some had coats on hind-side before without any attempt at buttoning them, and not a few were decorated with bright-colored ribbons. Philip also noticed half a dozen who had portions of female wearing apparel, such as dresses or capes.

The majority of the party were armed with some kind of a weapon, either saber, boarding-pike, or capstan-bar.

Philip hardly completed his inspection of this

singular-looking assembly when he who appeared to be the leader began what was evidently a speech lasting four or five minutes, and listened to with the utmost gravity by all.

When he had concluded, half a dozen of those nearest him marched solemnly into the thicket opposite Philip's hiding-place, and returned with twenty of the most inoffensive of the monkey-tribe, known as vervets, all of whom were securely bound with ropes made from bark.

These were arraigned before the leader like so many criminals, and he addressed them with a succession of harsh, guttural cries until the poor creatures vainly tried to escape from the awful presence, but only to be dragged back by their captors, who belabored them with bamboo sticks.

During fully a quarter of an hour this scene was continued, and then, as if at a signal from the leader, a squad of huge apes, each of whom was armed with a long stick, began flogging the prisoners unmercifully.

It was possible for Philip to hear the blows even though so far away, and the unfortunate vervets gave vent to the most plaintive cries, which sounded very much like appeals for mercy.

The executioners—for such they appeared to be—continued the punishment until seemingly wearied with their cruel exertions, and then, unloosing their bonds, drove the culprits from among them into the depths of the forest.

No sooner was this done than the entire assembly

crowded around the leader, stroking his back, licking his hands, fawning at his feet, and in every possible way showing the utmost respect mingled with fear.

When the big ape had received sufficient adulation to satisfy him he waved his hand by way of signal for his followers to desist, and then, arising majestically, started toward what was evidently a continuation of the clearing, followed by his adherents.

If Philip's surprise at this strange proceeding had been great, one can imagine how much it was intensified when he recognized in this pompous leader none other than the gigantic Goliah whom he had once owned and sold to Captain Seaworth!

CHAPTER XI.

AN ODD VILLAGE.

PHILIP GARLAND'S surprise at seeing this vast assembly of apes conducting themselves so thoroughly after the manner of human beings was indeed great; but to recognize in the leader of the party an article of merchandise which he had sold to Captain Seaworth was absolutely bewildering.

How had Goliah reached this particular island? Had he taught these companions of his to imitate man, or were they his instructors? In either case, how did it happen that among these animals there should be such a collection of weapons and clothing?

These questions Philip asked himself without being able to make any reply. He was in that mental condition when one's will has no control over the body, and half-unconsciously he followed the procession as it left the open-air court-room, although in his mind there was a very-well-defined idea that by so doing he exposed himself to the most extreme danger.

In his stupefaction—perhaps fascination would be the better word—he advanced cautiously as if by instinct, keeping well in the rear of the party, gliding from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, and halting within

the cover of the foliage whenever any of the apes showed an inclination to loiter.

It was during one of these forced halts, and while obliged to remain concealed a longer time than usual, that quite by accident he chanced to glance through the thicket on his right, thereby increasing surprise to the very verge of bewilderment.

He saw there, at a distance of thirty or forty yards from where he stood, a collection of small huts built in the fashion of hamlets such as one sees in Java. Around these loitered a number of apes, some few partially dressed in garments of European manufacture, and the remainder clad only as nature intended they should be; but nowhere could he perceive a human being.

It was not possible that this monkey-tribe had built these neat dwellings, which were ornamented with paint, lighted by glass windows, and protected from the sun's fervent rays by awnings; but yet, where were the builders? Where the rightful inhabitants?

While standing in mute astonishment, with his eyes fixed upon the tiny village, the procession from the court had passed out of sight into the thicket unheeded by him, who had no thought save that of solving the strange riddle.

While only partially screened by the foliage Philip was startled, almost alarmed, by a light touch on his arm, and wheeling around suddenly, he saw another of the animals sold by him to Captain Seaworth.

This was the chimpanzee Sweet Alice, and that she recognized him there could be no mistake. Looking up into his face, while at the same time plucking at the sleeve of his coat and pointing toward the village, she gave him to understand, almost as well as could have been done by words, her desire to have him follow.

Had Philip been in a less complete state of bewilderment he would have hesitated before entering the little town, where, undoubtedly, his arrival would be communicated to the huge baboon and he find himself a prisoner once more. But in his present frame of mind nothing seemed more natural than to accede to the chimpanzee's mute request, and he motioned her to lead the way.

Instead of going directly toward the buildings she moved off at right-angles with them, looking cautiously from side to side as if to let him understand that their advance should be concealed as far as possible, and he followed her every movement.

During fifteen minutes the stealthy march was continued, interrupted now and then as the chimpanzee stopped to listen or crept nearer to the edge of the clearing to reconnoiter, and in all this time they had seen but one other member of the tribe. He was evidently a laborer, and failed to see the stranger because of his occupation, which consisted of splitting logs with his fingers and an ax. He handled the tool very awkwardly, but yet with a certain air which caused Philip to believe man had been his teacher.

On emerging from the thicket the traveler discovered that they had arrived at the outskirts of the village in the rear of the houses, opposite the point where he first caught a glimpse of the settlement. Here was a row of iron-barred cages, all but one of which were empty, and toward this particular prison the chimpanzee advanced, beckoning her companion to follow.

Hesitatingly he did so, and looking through the bars saw the other animal he had sold to Captain Seaworth—Ben Bolt!

The sight of this captive gave Philip a solution to the riddle, and he uttered a low exclamation of surprise that he had not sooner guessed it.

There could no longer be any question but that he was on the island where the corporation, whose agent Captain Seaworth was, had started their colony.

Upon examining the iron cages more closely he saw that they were the same taken from his establishment when the animals were purchased, and in them had been confined the gigantic Goliah. But how had he escaped? Where was the captain and those who had been brought out as colonists?

It was hardly possible the tribe of monkeys could have vanquished the entire party, and not probable Goliah had been released until the human beings were disposed of in some way. Was this seeming capture of the village the sequel to a story of which he had seen the first chapter in the skeleton among the mimosas?

Philip had solved one problem only to find himself confronted by another yet more perplexing and painful. He was on the very island where his friends had landed, and yet no signs of them could be seen save in the clothing, the cottages, and the behavior of the apes.

These thoughts passed through the shipwrecked youth's mind very rapidly. Only for a few moments did he stand undecided before the cage which confined Ben Bolt, and then he drew the bars, allowing the unhappy captive to go free.

Instantly the chimpanzee was released he rushed toward Philip, fawning around him several minutes, and then turned to Alice, whom he greeted with every evidence of affection. During fully five minutes these two animals capered like dogs who evince joy at a master's return. Then Alice suddenly raised her head as if in fear, lowering it again as the hair on her neck stood erect like that of an angry cat's, while she motioned with one paw toward the forest, and with the other thrust Ben Bolt back into the cage, expressing by every gesture her desire that the door should be fastened again.

So much intelligence had these chimpanzees displayed while in his establishment that the animal-trainer felt no hesitation about following the mute instructions; and the bars were hardly replaced when hoarse, guttural cries in the distance told that Goliah was approaching.

To remain there longer would undoubtedly be to find himself in the power of his former chattel. In

such case, what revenge might not the gigantic baboon take? If the chimpanzees remembered him so well, Goliah's memory would hardly be less retentive, and the floggings so often administered might be repaid with compound interest.

It seemed that Alice understood this as well as did Philip, for on her face were the liveliest expressions of terror, and she plucked at his coat-sleeve trying to draw him away, while pointing toward the forest from whence came the hoarse cries.

There was no longer any time for hesitation, and trusting himself implicitly to the guidance of the chimpanzee, Philip followed, the two passing the rear of the cages just as the baboon went by in front to visit the prisoner.

Not an ape was to be seen on the principal street of the village, and as they walked past the buildings Philip had an opportunity of examining their condition.

What at a distance appeared to be a collection of neat cottages proved, on closer inspection, to be hardly more than ruins. The windows of the houses were broken, the frames splintered, and the greater portion wrenched entirely out of their casings. From the second stories, hanging on long poles, were torn uniforms, cravats, boots, belts, hats, empty bottles, trousers, towels, rags of all colors, shirts, and even a few flags. The paint was defaced, the fences were torn down, and everywhere on the ground were scattered bones, fragments of glass and crockery, and tins which once contained canned meats or vegeta-

bles. In several places where crops had been growing could now be seen only dried stalks. The chicken-coops, which were attached to nearly every dwelling, had been wrecked, and the feathers scattered here and there told the fate of their occupants.

It was a scene of pillage and waste such as would have shamed the hangers-on of any army, however demoralized; and Philip, now hardly more than a fugitive, thought with dismay of those who had probably met their death while trying to found this colony. Never since the shipwreck had he been so thoroughly dispirited, and but for the constant tugging of the chimpanzee at his garments he might have lingered until it would be no longer possible to escape. She literally pulled him along through the tiny village until the seclusion of the thicket was gained, when her movements became more leisurely, and he understood that there was no longer any necessity for such rapid flight.

Probably because the chimpanzee believed they were safe for the time being from Goliah, and that her companion did not require such careful watching, she took the lead, proceeding through the jungle about an eighth of a mile to a large banana-grove, where she began to search for fruit.

Here, as at the village, were the same evidences of wanton destruction. The long leaves of the plants were torn and trampled, bunches of half-eaten fruit lay decaying upon the ground, and that which had cost no slight amount of both time and money was almost entirely destroyed.

After some search the chimpanzee succeeded in finding two clusters of the rich, yellow fruit, and motioning Philip to pluck them, she pointed toward the east, as if intimating the direction in which they must travel.

By this time the shipwrecked youth recognized the wisdom of his guide's advice, and staggering under the heavy load of fruit, he followed close behind as she left the cultivated ground to re-enter the jungle.

This detour had evidently been made for the purpose of providing him with food in such place of refuge as she was probably about to lead him; and at that moment the animal-trainer had a higher appreciation of the intelligence of the monkey-tribe than ever before.

At a short distance from the banana plantation the chimpanzee stopped in front of a palm-grove bearing smooth, shining fruit of a golden-orange color, which was very attractive in appearance, and Philip began to gather such as hung within his reach from the smaller trees, when, much to his surprise, Alice made the most violent demonstrations of rage. She held the delicious-looking apples to her mouth for an instant, and then, dashing them to the ground, screamed and chattered volubly. It was several seconds before the fugitive understood this pantomime; but when she repeated it two or three times he gained an inkling of her meaning.

Without question this beautiful fruit was poisonous, and she had called his attention to the fact that

he might not at any future time eat what was so tempting in appearance but deadly in its properties.

A ten minutes' walk from this spot led them to a natural grotto in the rocks, the floor of which was covered with thick moss and the thousand vegetable productions to be found in Malaysia.

Here her gestures were as expressive as words, and Philip understood that she was cautioning him to remain in hiding—probably until her return. She pointed first to the fruit, secondly to the grotto, and then back in the direction from which they had come, taking her departure only when he nodded his head in token of willingness to obey the mute injunction.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TREASURE-CAVE.

PHILIP'S first sensation after being left alone was one of intense relief. For the time being, at least, he was safe from pursuit, and had not only food, but water sufficient to satisfy his wants two or three days. Whether Alice returned or not he would be free from hunger or thirst, since to revisit the banana plantation only a brisk walk of fifteen minutes was necessary.

After making a hearty meal from the fruit he lay down, and during the next ten hours was wrapped in the blissful unconsciousness of sleep.

When he awakened it was nearly sunset. Far away in the distance could be heard the cries of the apes, and among them he fancied it was possible to distinguish Goliah's hoarse voice. To venture forth would be both needless and unwise, and he remained within the grotto, trying in vain to find some amusement or occupation which would serve to make the time pass more rapidly.

As a matter of course, in this attempt he was unsuccessful. There was nothing to be done save to count the seconds, and it does not require many moments to weary one of such a useless occupation.

Now he had an opportunity to understand how

painful may be the attack of insects which in other quarters of the globe would be considered insignificant. His hands, face and ankles were completely covered with painful red blotches, caused by the bites of tiny flies; and a closer inspection of the grotto showed him that he was by no means alone.

Now and then could be seen curious little animals, similar to mice, which ran back and forth, nibbling at the bananas, his shoes, or anything within reach, until a movement by him would cause them to hide in alarm. Every time he overturned a stone or stick he found snugly ensconced under it formidable scorpions, with their tails sticking up ready for an attack or to defend themselves.

It seemed as if every nook and corner of the grotto was teeming with life in some form of viciousness, and not until he had cleared a space, six feet square, from gravel and the litter which would usually be found in such a place could he lie down with any chance of being unmolested.

There was plenty of time for reflection — too much, in fact, for his own good; and after making the wildest conjectures as to the probable fate of Captain Seaworth and his party, Philip began to speculate upon the probable length of his voluntary imprisonment. He could see no immediate relief from the unpleasant occupants of the island, and the longer his mind dwelt upon the subject the more convinced did he become that some desperate effort to escape must be made.

Then came the important question of where he

should flee. It was hardly probable there were other human beings on the island, otherwise they would have driven the apes from the cottages erected by the Seaworth party; and to leave this place of refuge, where he was reasonably sure of receiving food from the chimpanzee, would be to call down upon himself a repetition of the unpleasant and painful events which he had already experienced.

The night was very far advanced before his mind was sufficiently calm to permit of his sleeping once more; but slumber did finally visit his eyelids, bringing in its train most disagreeable dreams, from which he was glad to be awakened before the sun had again illumined this tiny portion of the world.

With absolutely nothing save painful thoughts to occupy his attention, he began in a listless manner to examine more closely his place of refuge.

As has been said, it was a natural grotto formed in the rocks, but apparently extending some distance into the range of hills which stretched nearly across the island. The rear portion narrowed down to what seemed to be a tunnel hardly more than four feet in diameter. In this Philip entered without hesitation, crawling upon his hands and knees for a distance of about a hundred feet, during which the passage grew more and more contracted, until to turn around would have been absolutely impossible.

At the end of such distance was an abrupt angle, after which it was possible for him to proceed in a half-bent attitude along the tunnel, which was

floored with sand, and obstructed here and there by boulders or irregular blocks of what appeared to be limestone.

Perhaps he had walked in this second direction two hundred feet, when, on turning a second angle, he stood in an oval-shaped chamber about twenty yards wide, twice as long, and twenty-five feet high.

It was a marvelous scene which met his startled gaze. Those who have entered natural caves may have seen a similar picture, but certainly nothing more imposing.

In the center of this subterranean cavern was a small circular lake, hardly more than twelve feet in diameter, and sunken half a dozen inches from the level of a floor formed of blackish-gray sand, covered with small pebbles of various brilliant colors. The ceiling towered high above, and was dome-shaped, thickly-studded with pendant stalactites, as if Nature had thus given to the artisan the first idea of lincrusta work. On the right, or eastern side, were benches of rocks rising like terraces, bearing huge stalagmites shaped like animals, and incrusted with myriads of tiny crystals which glistened like diamonds in the light admitted through an opening partially obscured by the foliage in the center of the dome.

After standing silent and motionless several moments, lost in admiration of the scene before him, Philip pushed on toward another tunnel which led from the chamber directly opposite the one he had just traversed.

Here, after five minutes of leisurely walking, the air became warmer and humid, as if filled with steam, while on the left side of the tunnel was a stream of water from which arose a peculiar phosphorescent light which permitted the amazed traveler to see several inches below the surface.

A closer examination revealed the fact that the stream was filled with fish, shaped something like a trout, and, singular as it may seem, the luminous glow was emitted from their bodies. He plunged his hand in without alarming the finny tribe, and lifting one out discovered that it was blind, having no sign of an eye, which accounted for the readiness with which he had made the capture.

Curiosity impelled Philip to continue his explorations without delay, and he advanced rapidly along the tunnel, in which it was now possible to stand erect. With every step the air grew warmer, until it was as if one were suddenly plunged in a steam bath.

The cause of this excessive humidity was soon learned. In one corner of a second chamber was a boiling spring, which bubbled and hissed just below the surface of the floor.

He dipped his hand in, but immediately withdrew it as he gave vent to a cry of pain. The water was boiling hot!

This cavern also had an exit or outlet about forty feet long, which opened into a third, nearly twice as large as the first. From the roof hung hundreds of stalactites, some only a few feet in length and others

which descended to the floor. Stalagmites glittered and glistened like immense diamonds in a strong phosphorescent light, until the radiations and reflections lent such an indescribable charm to the cave that it seemed as if one were living through a story from the "Arabian Nights." This third room was evidently the end of the chain of caverns. In it there was no opening, yet the glow from the middle apartment filled it with light.

Wandering from one point to another without thought of weariness because of the many wondrous beauties, Philip soon began to realize the fact that he was hungry, and when on the point of retreating to the grotto where the bananas were, he bethought himself of the trout. To boil two or three in this kettle formed by nature would be comparatively an easy task, and at the same time give him a change of diet.

Passing rapidly on to the stream where he had seen the fish, he caught and dressed four, fastening them together with a strip torn from his handkerchief. Returning to the spring he lowered them, and in a few moments had sufficient and appetizing food for a hearty meal. Although eaten without salt, this change in his bill of fare was a welcome one, and Philip resolved to take with him a supply of cooked fish large enough to satisfy his wants during several days.

To this end he groped about once more on the bed of the stream until his hand came in contact with a very heavy round substance, which, simply through idle curiosity, he raised to the surface.

His astonishment can hardly be described when he discovered that the supposed rock was apparently a nugget of pure gold, weighing, as nearly as he could judge, from three to four pounds.

The sight of this wealth, which was also evidence that more might be found in the vicinity, so bewildered him that it was several moments before he could make further examinations, and then came the fever for riches which has been at the same time the destruction and delight of thousands.

Working with desperate energy, as if the unlimited time at his disposal was all too short for the purpose, he brought up nugget after nugget, ranging in size from an ounce to half a pound, until he had collected at least ten pounds' weight of the precious metal.

The supply appeared to be inexhaustible. As nearly as he could judge, the bed of the stream was literally covered with these yellow lumps, which represented wealth in any civilized country; and his labor ceased only when he began to realize how impossible, under the present circumstances, it would be to derive any benefit from this unexpected discovery.

Now, more than ever, was it necessary he should devise some means of finding his fellow-man, even though it should be impossible to carry his treasure away. With a vessel and a crew such as could be procured at Batavia untold wealth might be taken away; but how the first step was to be made he had no idea.

In order to give himself time for reflection he first

hid the nuggets behind one of the statue-like formations in the outer chamber, and then returned to the grotto.

Here he found the chimpanzee looking disturbed and alarmed because of his absence, but she gave way to manifestations of the greatest delight at his appearance. With an instinct which seemed almost like human intelligence she had brought more bananas, and by gestures which were unmistakable gave him to understand that as yet it was dangerous to leave his hiding-place.

Then, after fawning upon him like a dog once more, she walked slowly away in the direction of the village, turning from time to time, as if to be certain he would not follow.

When finally the animal was lost to view amid the foliage, Philip retreated to the further end of the grotto as if desirous of guarding the entrance to the treasure-cave, and there gave himself up to speculations regarding his flight from the island, forming some plans which were hardly more than wild dreams, and others possible of execution.

The desire to learn the fate of Captain Seaworth and his party was almost forgotten in his eagerness to profit by the rich discovery, and during the remainder of that day the only thought in his mind was how to leave the island, taking with him at least a portion of the newly-found wealth.

CHAPTER XIII.

TREASURE-GATHERING.

ALTHOUGH Philip was in a situation where gold was of far less value than food, or even raiment, that thirst for wealth which has come upon so many even under similar circumstances became so great as to create a most intense desire to pile up the largest possible quantity of the precious but—to him—useless metal.

Until a late hour in the night he gathered nuggets from the bed of the stream, being able to work as well in the under-ground chamber during the time of darkness as any other, owing to the phosphorescent light from the fish, until he had hidden behind the natural statue a weight sufficient to burden half a dozen men in the carrying. Upon the rough calculation that twenty-five thousand dollars in gold weighs a hundred pounds, he had good reason to believe that the value of his treasure was considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars.

It was only his desire for sleep which caused him to desist; and returning once more to the grotto, after a meal of boiled fish he laid himself down to sleep, not awakening until daybreak, when, from the mouth of the hill-side cave, he saw what aroused

again in his mind the belief that other human beings beside himself were upon the island.

The reflection of flames could be seen through the forest, evidently caused by an enormous bonfire, and the only reasonable supposition was that shipwrecked mariners were sending out this beacon-light in the hope of attracting attention from those on some passing ship. Perhaps more than he had been saved from the Swallow, and with this thought he darted forward at full speed, heeding not possible discovery by the apes in his eagerness to be again with human companions.

If such a thing were possible, he was more anxious now than ever before to meet with men, for unless assistance could be obtained his wealth was useless; and regardless of the thorns which pierced his flesh, or of the pitfalls that might be in his path, he ran swiftly on toward the more than welcome light.

The nearer he approached to the flames the stronger his hopes grew, for he could see beyond a peradventure that it was a bonfire on the highest point of the island, where people signaling for assistance would naturally build a beacon.

That an enormous quantity of fuel was being consumed could be told from the fact that it required nearly an hour of rapid walking before he arrived at the base of the elevation; and in the highest state of excitement he ran up the rocky slope, the soil rattling and crumbling under his feet with such a peculiar sound that it was reasonable to suppose he was traveling over the lava of an extinct volcano.

Here he came upon a kind of vegetation through which it was absolutely impossible to pass. Occupying a space of a hundred feet square, as nearly as he could judge, was a veritable jungle of thorns across which fifty men with the best of tools would have been many hours in making a road.

The bushes, the creepers, and even the bamboos were covered with these long, needle-like points, which tore his flesh cruelly. Everything grew zig-zag and jagged, and in an inextricable tangle. To get through without lacerating his body to such an extent as to be in danger of death was out of the question, and in order to reach the desired spot a long detour was necessary.

When within two-thirds of the distance to the summit a most extraordinary spectacle greeted him. Instead of human beings it was apes who had kindled the fire, and were most industriously engaged in feeding it.

Two files, composed of over a hundred of these animals, stretched from the top of the hill down the side as far as he could see, a distance of about six feet separating one from the other. This party was passing fragments of wood, branches of trees, and such combustible materials, up the incline to those at the top, who threw the fuel into the flames.

Industrious laborers were they, indeed. Not a sound could be heard, and with the utmost gravity they continued the task as if it was something upon which their lives depended.

Philip now saw that he was upon the crest of a

small volcano which had evidently not been in a state of eruption for some time, and the fire was built within the blackened crater, with so much fuel that it more than filled the space, the glowing coals rising several feet above the summit.

Unquestionably it was the reflection of a fire similar to this which he had previously seen; but why these animals, who are supposed to fear anything of the kind, worked so hard to keep the blaze alive was something he could not even imagine. The wood literally flew through the air, so eager were the laborers to see the flames leap and dance in the gray light of the morning; and it was with a certain fascination, similar to that experienced while viewing the proceedings of the court a few days before, that Philip gazed upon the scene.

It could not have been more than five minutes that he remained motionless watching these strange proceedings, and just when he began to realize how necessary it was to leave the place before being discovered the apes caught sight of him.

In an instant, as if by magic, the silence was broken. A dozen of the animals clustered around him, shouting and screaming as if to others in the distance, until the din was almost deafening, and he could hear it echoed and re-echoed far away in the distance. His first thought was to make his escape, by force if necessary; but before he could even so much as raise his hands two gigantic baboons leaped toward him and seized, firmly but not roughly, both his arms.

Either one of the animals could have held him prisoner despite his most violent resistance, and Philip realized full well the uselessness of a struggle in which he would inevitably receive many severe blows, even if he should be so fortunate as to escape death.

During fifteen minutes the screaming and yelling continued, his captors holding him immovable all the while; and then, as if a summons had been received from some one in authority, the two baboons led him down the hill, followed by all those who had been working so energetically to feed the flames.

Through the forest in the direction by which he had approached, past the banana plantation to the single street of the tiny settlement, Philip was led like a malefactor, with the long train of grinning, chattering followers; and he had good reason to believe his fate might be the same as that of the skeleton which he had seen hanging in the thicket of mimosas. He knew beyond a peradventure that he was being conducted to the presence of Goliah, and who could say what the vindictive baboon might devise in the way of punishment for the one who had not, in his case at least, been a gentle master.

Goliah would remember all that had occurred, as could be told from the imprisonment of Ben Bolt and the behavior of Alice; therefore the merchant who had come so far in search of living curiosities knew there was good cause for alarm regarding this meeting.

Upon reaching the village the baboons led their

prisoner to the most pretentious of the little cottages, which had probably been occupied by Captain Seaworth as the office or counting-house of the colony, and into this he was thrust. His two captors were the only members of the party who accompanied him. The others remained in the street, some sitting on their haunches, as if speculating whether they were to be treated to the spectacle of an execution, a few hanging on the broken fences like boys who loiter in front of a residence at which distinguished personages are visiting, and the majority of the crowd surrounding the building much as though taking steps to prevent an escape.

The interior of the dwelling differed but little from the outside, so far as the scene of wanton destruction was concerned. Books were thrown from their cases, leaves torn, and the bindings ruthlessly pulled off. Fragments of clothing were strewn on the floor, furniture scratched and splintered, and pictures turned face to the wall or thrown among the debris in one corner of the room. Everything gave token of the mischievousness of these animals; and yet in the midst of all a certain kind of order reigned, as if the long-tailed residents were bent on preserving some semblance of what the interior had once presented.

All these things Philip took in at a glance. He had no time to study details, for within a very few seconds a most singular and grotesque figure made its appearance from an adjoining room.

One would have said it was a gigantic bird, but

Philip immediately recognized the face as Goliah's; and the sight of this ape, covered from head to foot with feathers, naturally filled the prisoner with the greatest surprise.

The cause of this strange transformation, however, was soon revealed. The feathers were simply quills, the majority of which had been made into pens, and were stuck over his ears, through the hair on the top of his head, under his arms, and in every place where one would remain, not even excepting the extreme end of his tail.

Goliah was followed by two smaller and less ferocious-looking baboons, who were decorated in the same fantastic manner, and from their attitude one might readily fancy they occupied the position of servants, or perhaps counselors to his apish majesty.

The sight of this animal, whom he had chastised so many times, caused Philip no slight alarm, for there was good reason to believe that some signal vengeance might be wreaked upon him, and he peered closely into the hairy, feather-bedecked face to learn whether his identity was discovered.

If Goliah recognized his old master he gave no sign of such fact, probably because he had more important business on hand just at that moment. He stopped only long enough to glance at the frightened youth, and then, consulting for an instant with the two behind him, uttered several sharp cries, which were evidently commands. Immediately Philip's captors led him into an adjoining room, where was such a scene as would have convinced the

most skeptical that the monkey-tribe can be trained to become useful in many ways.

In this apartment were at least fifty apes seated at two long tables, and all in a state of the most intense excitement. They had before them large quantities of paper, huge bottles of ink, and a numerous collection of quill-pens, which they were using with the same industry and energy as shown by the feeders of the fire. They leaned over the table like weary clerks, dipping their pens into the inkstands frequently, often mistaking their paws for the quills in the general hurry and confusion, and scribbling upon sheets of paper spread before them, as if trying to imitate, with the greatest possible fidelity, a party of overworked journalists.

With their quills, or fingers, they scratched incessantly, spattering ink in every direction, and sheet after sheet was covered with what looked not unlike a stenographer's notes.

When the paper was sufficiently bespattered with ink it was passed to a venerable old monkey, who occupied a single desk at the further end of the room, and he, after examining it intently, affixed one of those little, red-paper seals which are used on legal documents. Then it was handed to a monkey stationed just outside the door, and by him passed along a line, precisely as the wood at the volcano had been, save that, so far as Philip could understand, the messengers were sent toward the sea-coast.

After the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes the same

paper was returned to the house and handed to Goliah, who, with an air of greatest wisdom, scanned it carefully. Then he in turn passed it to another old ape in an adjoining room, who was probably a register of deeds, a recorder of wills, or whatever title is bestowed upon the keeper of monkey documents.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BABOON TASK-MASTER.

FROM what he saw in this private counting-room Philip was convinced that the apes were trying to imitate scenes which they had witnessed before the unaccountable dispersion of the colony.

During Captain Seaworth's stay upon the island, and while laying out work on the plantations, he most likely had occasion to transmit many written messages to his assistants, who were probably scattered over a considerable extent of territory; therefore Goliah and his companions must have seen very often that which they were portraying so grotesquely.

The big baboon, either from a desire to see the greatest possible number of servants at work or because the dispatches were not brought back fast enough to occupy all his time, had apparently decided to make Philip his chief clerk, for he gave orders—or so the prisoner supposed, from the cries which were uttered—and one of the scribblers vacated his seat at the table. To this the animal-trainer was led. A package of paper and several quill-pens were placed before him, and from the expressive gestures indulged in by all the party there could be no question but that he was commanded to

cover the blank sheets with something which had a semblance to writing.

Philip was not in a position to rebel. In fact, this treatment was so different from what he had expected that he felt an intense relief at learning the punishment was to be so slight. Before being allowed to cease work, however, he had good proof that his life was to be quite the reverse of an easy one.

During the first hour he worked with reasonable industry, cheered by the hope that in so doing he might, through some unlooked-for chance, bring human beings to his aid. In bold, legible handwriting he covered each sheet with this brief appeal for assistance:

Philip Garland, a merchant from New York, shipwrecked on this island, is held captive by a large troop of apes, who have taken possession of cottages erected by Captain Seaworth. Should this, by chance, fall into the hands of his countrymen, they are asked in the name of mercy and humanity to aid him in escaping.

There was a bare possibility that some of these documents might be lost by the messengers and found by those who would try to aid him. Improbable though such a contingency was, it served to cheer him at his work, and Goliah appeared pleased because of the rapidity with which the sheets were returned.

When an hour had passed, however, he not only grew weary, but dispirited, and would have stopped

had not two apes, who were stationed directly behind his chair evidently by the big baboon's orders, signified in the most emphatic manner that he was to continue the work. One boxed his ears soundly, while the other pointed toward the paper with harsh cries, which were echoed by Goliah in a more commanding tone.

There was to be no cessation in this dispatch-writing, and with a groan Philip resumed his labors, only to be subjected to the most violent usage whenever he faltered in the task.

The day passed with the animal-trainer still at the table, his head aching and his fingers cramped so that he could hardly hold the pen. He had long since ceased to write appeals for help, but covered the paper with any kind of marks made at random. Twice during the afternoon he ceased his labors because of sheer weariness, and on both occasions not only the two apes behind his chair, but all their companions in the room, pinched his arms, pulled his hair, struck heavy blows on his head, or scratched his face with their sharp claws.

Night came, and although it was not possible for him to see the marks left by the pen, his guards kept vigilant watch, forcing him by the most severe punishment to continue until the light of another dawn illumined the room wherein half a hundred vindictive animals watched for the least sign of faltering on the part of their unhappy prisoner.

It was when he believed it would be absolutely impossible to hold the quill between his nerveless

fingers another moment that the sound of a bell from some remote portion of the building caused every ape to leave the room, and Philip staggered to his feet like one on the verge of exhaustion.

During these twenty-four hours he had blackened many quires of paper, and each sheet had passed from one ape to another, probably making half the circuit of the island before it was returned to Goliah. But now his labors were ended for the time being, at least, and he ran down the stairs as if thinking this bell summoned him to the breakfast he so ardently desired.

The two sentinels behind his chair had not ceased their duties of overseers, but in Goliah's absence it was evident they did not dare to restrain his movements; and thus, comparatively free in a dwelling filled with brute enemies, he was allowed to proceed unmolested until he arrived at the veranda in the rear of the building, where an old ape was tugging vigorously at a bell attached to a post.

This veranda led into what might be called a court-yard, around each side of which were long, low buildings, probably used as sleeping-apartments for Captain Seaworth's crew and clerks. The yard was covered with an awning, and in the center had been built a small pond, bordered with the tropical plants which grew in such profusion on the island. Here and there a banana-tree upreared its glossy leaves, and at irregular intervals smooth trunks of the bamboo thrust their delicate foliage through apertures made in the awning.

It was a place where wearied workers might seek rest from their toil, and undoubtedly Captain Seaworth had caused it to be so arranged for his own especial enjoyment.

An air of homeliness at variance with what Philip had already witnessed was presented in the person of an old monkey seated near the shore of the miniature pond holding her baby, while she watched, with all the care and considerably more than the tenderness of our imported French nurses, over several little monkeys who were not yet old enough to run about alone.

Such was the view from the veranda looking into the court-yard. Gazing in the opposite direction, however, a less interesting spectacle was presented. Philip was standing just outside of what had evidently served as Captain Seaworth's dining-room. Here the tables had been spread by the monkey attendants, or left by the domestics originally employed in the house, and the scene of disorder may be imagined. Plates were scattered about in every direction—on the floor, the chairs and the window-sills. Broken glassware and crockery rendered walking dangerous unless one's feet were well protected. Knives, forks, spoons, tumblers, bottles and fragments of food were strewn over the room in the greatest profusion.

Amid all this disorder, even as Philip stood gazing about with surprise and dismay written on his face; Goliah strutted into the room and seated himself in the very middle of the table, while his immediate

following clustered around him, some on the floor, others on chairs, and the two old advisers occupied either end of the festive-board.

Philip's hunger was too great to admit of his being fastidious. None of the monkey-guests appeared to pay any particular attention to him, and he entered in the hope of finding food which was yet in a condition to be at least palatable.

All evidence of the cook's skill, however, had long since been devoured or destroyed. The apes were eating raw vegetables, corn and leaves. The leaders of the party were feasting on a peculiar bark which had been freshly stripped from the trees, and was evidently considered as a choice morsel. They were by no means averse to their human servant partaking of the delicacy, and were even painfully hospitable, acting on their usual rule of all engaging in the same occupation at the same time.

Several gathered around Philip, and with manners more forcible than polite thrust into his mouth pieces of the bark, vegetables which resembled yams, and even going so far, in their eagerness, as to push two or three pieces of crockery between his teeth. In order to make certain that he was getting his full share, one venerable monkey held his mouth open that the others might more quickly satisfy his hunger, and it required very violent exertions on his part to prevent being choked to death.

Fortunately for him, before the entire party could indulge in this alleged hospitable work a number of apes entered the room bearing large quantities of

the favorite bark, and a frantic rush was made by all the feasters, which resulted in his being neglected for the moment.

To satisfy his hunger with the articles of food here in the dining-room was impossible, while to remain might be to subject himself to a diet of crockery and glassware; therefore, at a moment when he fancied himself unnoticed, he stole softly out of the window into the court-yard, and continued on to the further end, where was a sign over one of the doors bearing the word "Kitchen."

Not alone did he go, however, for the counselors on the table seeing his departure ran quickly after him, and in a twinkling every occupant of the dining-room was at his heels—not for the purpose of restraining his movements, but to learn what would be done.

To avoid this unpleasant retinue, if possible, he darted into an apartment midway between the kitchen and the veranda, which was evidently Captain Seaworth's sitting-room. Here the work of destruction had not been so complete. Several chairs were yet in serviceable condition, while a violin, two guitars and a banjo hung on the walls with no marks of having been touched by the long-tailed invaders.

Philip did not delay in this room, however, since food was the one object of his desires, and he passed through several apartments until the kitchen was finally reached.

To this place the instincts of the apes were

sufficient to give them free access. The doors of the cupboards were yet closed, for the invaders had not been able to unfasten the catches. The marks of their vain attempts in this direction, however, were written plainly in long scratches across the doors, as if they had been seeking for some secret spring, overlooking entirely the buttons and belts.

Every member of the party from the dining-room was close at his heels when he opened the first of the cupboards and found it filled with all kinds of canned meats, poultry, vegetables, sardines, jam, milk, and other delicacies which were probably intended for the officers of the expedition.

The most conspicuous article in the closet was a huge jar of preserved ginger which had most likely been taken on board during the latter portion of the voyage, and this immediately attracted Goliah's attention. The lid was partially off, and with one blow of his paw he dislodged it entirely, thrusting his head into the jar up to the shoulders.

His followers, envious of his good fortune, and not being able to procure for themselves anything from this newly-discovered hoard because of the narrowness of the door, seized their leader by the tail, pulling him from one side of the room to the other regardless of his efforts to remain quiet long enough to enjoy the unexpected feast.

As a matter of course the baboon was dragged over no inconsiderable space; but he managed to keep his head within the neck of the jar, and his zealous subjects only succeeded in rolling both him

and the sweetmeats about, his hairy shoulders completely filling the mouth of the vessel so that none of the contents were spilled.

Philip was entirely neglected during this strife in which every member of the brute company took part, and it was evident the struggle would be ended only when Goliah's tail was pulled out, the jar broken, or his head removed from its sweet resting-place.

CHAPTER XV.

A MONKEY-FEAST.

DURING five minutes Philip watched the struggle between Goliah and his subjects with no slight amusement. The baboon's long tail made an excellent handle, and by the aid of it the apes swung him around and around, with the jar still covering his head, in what was at the same time a most laughable and dangerous manner.

It would have been possible for the baboon to release himself at any moment by loosening his hold of the jar; but the dainties to be found therein were too enticing to be relinquished so readily, and without protest he allowed himself to be flung from one side of the room to the other, he eating greedily all the while.

This struggle was not confined to the baboon and those who were swinging him around in such a lively fashion. It was only possible for half a dozen of his followers to grasp the tail, and the others were not content to remain simply as spectators when there was a possible opportunity to gorge themselves. The two old counselors had managed to seize the jar, but their united efforts were not sufficient to wrest it from Goliah; yet, having smeared their fingers with the juice which trickled

over the leader's shoulders, both were wildly eager to gain possession of some portion of the dainty.

Nor were they the only ones possessed with the same desire. The entire company seemed to have but one idea, which was to partake of preserved ginger at the earliest possible moment, and before five minutes elapsed there was every indication of an extensive riot. Each ape had begun to struggle with his neighbor, urged on alike by his love of sweetmeats and his instincts of imitation.

Now, while Philip would have welcomed the sudden death of the huge baboon who held him captive, he was by no means disposed to have the party engage in deadly combat if it could be avoided. He knew full well that before the fight had progressed very far one or more of the company would seize upon him; and in this encounter, where heads were pounded against the wall without any regard to the thickness of skull, he would stand in very much the same position as did the fragile vase when the bull made his way into the china-shop.

Unfortunately there was but one jar of preserved ginger, and although he held out glass after glass of the jam and other preserves, not a single member of the party accepted the gift. Each was looking for a prize of the same size as that in Goliah's possession, and nothing smaller would satisfy his ambition.

Then Philip attempted to leave the room, thinking they might follow, or that he would at least be free; but this was a movement impossible of execution

owing to the whirling apes between him and the door, and any retreat was out of the question because the closet was too narrow to serve as a place of refuge.

Each second the strife waxed warmer, until it seemed as if the apartment was filled with monkeys of all sizes, who were being swung in the air by their tails; and more than once was Philip knocked down by the heads or arms of these living missiles.

At the moment when he had given up all hope of being able to check the wild scramble his eyes lighted upon a bag of nuts. In a twinkling he emptied them on the floor, and in an equally short space of time the confusion ceased as every ape began to scramble for his share of the fruit.

Goliah was the only one who did not join in this last scene. When those who had attached themselves to his tail let go their hold he was flung into one corner of the room with the jar still pressed tightly to his shoulders, and there he remained, unheeded and unheeding, gorging himself with the sweetmeats until the skin of his stomach was stretched as tight as the head of a drum.

While the long-tailed company were enjoying this unwonted feast, and strewing the floor thickly with nutshells, Philip made all haste to satisfy his hunger. There were plenty of sardines in the way of solid food, and these, with ship's-biscuit, made a reasonably hearty meal, which he ate standing half in the cupboard, lest his companions should suddenly become possessed of the idea to indulge in these oily delicacies also.

During this time, and before the other feasters had exhausted the supply of nuts, he held the closet-door only partially open, determined to shut and lock it when his hunger was appeased, for he knew full well it would be but the work of a few seconds for the apes to clear everything from the shelves if they were given the opportunity.

But it was while taking the greatest precautions that he was in reality the most careless.

Having eaten enough he desired to quench his thirst, and to that end had broken the top from a bottle of wine, there being many cases in the cupboard. In the absence of a glass he was forced to use the bottle as a drinking-vessel, and to do so it was necessary to raise it above his head. He was thus obliged to turn partially around, forgetting the fact that he was exhibiting himself to the company.

Before his thirst was assuaged he had painful evidence of his indiscretion. In the twinkling of an eye every ape ceased cracking nuts and leaped toward the closet, while Philip, taken thus by surprise, had not time to shut the door. As a matter of course all the party could not come within reach of the cupboard at the same moment, but those in advance passed the wine-bottles to their companions in the rear until every monkey had enough of this unusual beverage to make him tipsy in short order.

As soon as possible Philip shut the cupboard-door; but it was a case of "locking the stable after the horse had been stolen," and he looked around with dismay as he saw each of his long-tailed companions

holding a bottle to his mouth, evidently wondering how the stupid man could have found so much satisfaction in what was to them very dry fun.

The fact that they did not know enough to draw the corks caused him to hope none of the party would succeed in getting any liquor; but in this he was speedily disappointed.

It was one of Goliah's advisers who, after watching Philip stealthily, had begun the rush for the bottles, and this old fellow knew exactly how their prisoner had set about extracting the contents.

The aged ape struck off the head of the bottle with a potato-masher which was on the table, and five minutes later the floor was strewn with broken glass, while every animal in the room except Goliah was busily engaged in making himself more brutish than nature intended.

Philip stood gazing at this apparently convivial company with dismay written on every feature of his countenance. If sober apes were disagreeable companions, what would be the result when he was surrounded by three or four hundred drunken animals? There could be no question but that they would be intoxicated when each had finished his bottle, and then the position of the captive, already disagreeable, must necessarily be increased a hundredfold.

It was probably the silence of the feasters which aroused Goliah from his ginger-dream. He withdrew his head, plentifully besmeared with the saccharine liquid, to gaze stupidly about him, while pieces of the

preserves hung from his nose, ears and eyebrows in the most picturesque fashion. Gorged though he was, the sweet repast did not suffice when his followers had something different, and with one bound he leaped upon the smallest monkey-toper. To choke the astonished little reveler and wrest his bottle from him was but the work of a moment, and then the king of the island began his vinous portion of the feast.

Now, as if he had not already done himself sufficient injury, Philip speedily set the example of a yet more alarming phase in this monkey orgy.

Angry because of what he had unwittingly done he dashed his empty bottle against the cupboard-door.

This example was contagious. In another instant every ape was busily engaged in belaboring his companions with bottles, and fragments of glass flew in all directions.

Now, more than ever, was it difficult to leave the apartment. The hailstorm of glass was so thick as almost to obscure the vision, and Philip crouched behind the cooking-stove to protect himself from the flying particles.

Two seconds later a groan of horror burst from his lips, for every one of the half-drunken monkeys immediately conceived it necessary to do the same thing, and he was undermost in the living stack, each member of which continued to beat the other with such fragments of glass as had survived the first onslaught.

It seemed certain he would be crushed to death—crushed between two or three hundred quarts of wine encased in apes' skins, and each of these animated bottles writhing, twisting and scratching to get undermost.

It was fully fifteen minutes before Philip could so far extricate himself as to be able once more to divert the attention of the party, and then he seized the first possible means of deliverance. Wresting a half-shattered bottle from the clutch of the nearest ape, he threw it toward the window, and, as a natural consequence, every monkey about him struggled to his feet that he might repeat the movement.

While this afforded him some slight relief, it was decidedly a dangerous experiment. The wine had begun its work, and the apes were now so thoroughly intoxicated as to have no idea of direction.

Instead of hurling the sharp fragments through the window, as Philip intended they should, the long-tailed drunkards threw them at the doors, the stove, or their companions, until one would have thought himself in a fierce storm, where hailstones were replaced by glass.

To remain upright without great danger of being seriously wounded, if not killed, was impossible, and he who had begun this last and most dangerous amusement was forced to throw himself on the floor to avoid the flying particles.

Again did he witness another painful proof of an ape's power of imitation. In a twinkling every ani-

mal in the room threw himself on the floor, and once more did Philip find himself the "under dog in the fight."

He was wounded in numberless places from the claws of his companions or the fragments of glass, and yet, whether he arose or remained passive, there was still the sad satisfaction of knowing that it was he, and he alone, who set the fashion in this kingdom of apes.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN APISH ORGY.

IT REQUIRED ten minutes of difficult work before Philip could succeed in leaving the room where he had thoughtlessly done so much mischief, and then, with all the drunken apes close at his heels, he ran into the court-yard and threw himself on the bank of the tiny stream, so thoroughly disheartened as to be careless of what further trouble might come.

The scene which was presented under the awning during the next half-hour would have given a disinterested spectator no slight amount of amusement, but in Philip's eyes it was too painful to admit of even a smile.

The party were seated as near the border of the pond as possible, and to have some idea of the picture the reader should multiply any grossly intoxicated person he has seen by about four hundred; but even then, and with the most vivid imagination, he could hardly do full justice to the spectacle.

They leered at each other, called names in the monkey language, very likely told improbable stories, and argued after the fashion of men. Here and there a party of a dozen were raising their

voices in discordant notes, which was not unlike the maudlin singing of human beings. Now and then one would stagger back and forth in a vain attempt to get nearer the pond, while his companions did all in their power to keep him back. Then an ape, catching a glimpse of his own tail, and believing that it belonged to his neighbor, would seize and pull it until he literally overturned himself. If in falling he struck any other member of the party, an incipient riot was started, but not to continue very long, owing to the inebriated condition of all.

Those nearest the prisoner overwhelmed him with rough caresses, which at times threatened to leave him entirely bald, because of the desire to show affection by examining each particular hair on his head. If they had understood the custom and significance of hand-shaking, the animal-trainer's troubles would have been much greater; but as it was, he had even more in the way of trials than could be borne with any respectable show of equanimity.

Taking the scene as a whole, and knowing exactly how these disagreeable companions had been made more brutish than was natural, it presented such a lesson as Philip must have profited by, for one cannot see even drunken men without realizing the beauties and benefits of temperance.

To move ever so slightly was to find the others doing the same thing, and Philip waited patiently throughout the whole of that long, dreary day, hoping his companions would soon be wrapped in

slumber, when he might make his escape to the grotto.

But he waited in vain. At intervals certain members of the party would doze; but there was no moment when more than fifty were in a state even approaching unconsciousness, although the entire troop grew more quiet, if not more sober, when the shadows of night began to gather.

Probably no man ever so desired to escape observation as did Philip, when, just after sunset, he arose cautiously and made his way toward the kitchen in the hope of being able to penetrate that portion of the house, where he might find some degree of privacy. Surely, there should be a small apartment in which he could barricade himself, and it was with this in his mind that he entered the building.

Here, however, the gloom was already filling the room—for night in the tropics comes on very rapidly—rendering some artificial light necessary. With every reason to believe there might be lamps or candles in the cupboard he opened the door once more, closing it very suddenly as the entire body of apes rushed in, ready for any further mischief which might present itself.

Philip stood for an instant with his back to the closet, wondering if it would be safe to make any investigations while his companions were so near, and as he faced the party it was impossible to check his mirth despite all the reasons he had for sorrow.

The monkey-topers, now partially recovered from

the effects of the wine, were looking thoroughly demoralized and repentant. Some were holding their paws to their heads as if to check the pain, while others appeared to be suffering most in the region of the stomach. The majority of the party yet walked unsteadily, and at short intervals squads of from ten to twenty would return to the pond in order to quench the unnatural thirst which was causing them to feel very wretched.

Under such a condition of affairs Philip believed that his followers were incapable of any serious mischief, and, holding the cupboard door only partially open, he reached inside for the purpose of providing himself with a light.

Again chance aided, and the apes outwitted him. His hand struck the lid of a box, and, displacing the cover, he found that it was filled with candles, while piled in one corner immediately behind it was a quantity of matches.

Now it became necessary to use both hands, and with one he extracted a candle from the box, while with the other he ignited the wick.

This movement necessarily prevented him from retaining his hold on the cupboard-door, and the half-sobered apes in the rear immediately seized upon the opportunity. Philip's candle was but just lighted when with a rush they dashed into the closet, and behold! three hundred apes each with a candle and a package of matches, forming a cordon around Philip, and making the air heavy with brimstone as they rubbed the "fire-sticks" on

the doors, floor, stove, or more than once on their own hides. As Philip had done so did every ape in the room, and with the most alarming consequences. Now and then one less sober than his companions would ignite a full bunch of matches, much to his alarm and confusion. As a matter of course, such a blunderer immediately threw the blazing bits of wood to the floor, thereby causing the animal-trainer no slight fear, for it was impossible to say when the others might not do the same thing.

It seemed as if this was the culmination of all Philip's troubles, for to place a match and candle in the hands of a sober ape is to supply the means of a conflagration, and what must be the result when these dangerous things are controlled by intoxicated brutes?

Philip's first thought was to extinguish his own candle; but even while on the point of doing so it flashed into his mind that by causing the flame to disappear he might seem to have thrown it away, and then would ensue a scene similar to the one with the bottles, making the immediate destruction of the building inevitable.

It was plain that, having thus far committed himself to the necessity of artificial light, he must retain possession of it, and he made great show of holding it carefully in both hands—a movement which was at once imitated by the others, but not so cleverly as would have been the case under other circumstances.

The result of this precaution was that at least one

ape out of every three burned his paws, while the other two singed their nearest neighbors until the odor of burning hair was almost stifling.

Now the room resounded with cries of pain, and those who had been burned belabored the party next to them, regardless of whether they had inflicted the injuries or not, until the entire throng were flogging each other with these tiny flames, scattering wicks and tallow in every direction, while the blazing of hair added to the general illumination.

Philip realized that something must be done immediately, and he forced his way out through the drunken crowd to the court-yard, going from there to the sitting-room with the intention of gaining the street.

The door to this last apartment was fastened, however, and in order to push back the bolts he placed his candle on the window-sill.

Before five seconds had elapsed every portion of the room was decorated with lighted candles, and for the time being all danger of a conflagration was averted, while the apes themselves gave evidence of being in some familiar place.

It was probable that Captain Seaworth had given a party, or sanctioned a gathering of his officers and the colonists, when the room had been illuminated after this same fashion, and equally probable that the apes were spectators, at some time in the past, of the scene from the outside.

They exchanged glances with each other, chat-

tered noisily, and gesticulated vigorously, while Philip stood gazing at them in amazement, wondering what new phase of danger he was about to encounter.

An instant later four or five, whose memory was better than their companions', seized upon the musical instruments which hung on the wall and began striking the strings with both hands and feet, while the others, each with a partner, whirled, leaped and shouted as they went through with the movements of a dance. One couple would dart up and down the room, taking about four strides to cover the entire distance; another set circled around and around within a circumscribed space; and yet more stood bowing and scraping, until, had the scene been presented on the stage of a theater, it would have called forth the most generous applause.

Every detail of a ball-room was here depicted after a certain apish fashion, and the fact that at least half the company wore some portion of clothing lent a decided air of realism to the scene.

The amateur musicians were most industrious, and since their idea of perfect harmony was the greatest possible amount of noise, the result can be imagined. Their facilities for playing were much greater than man's. For instance, a huge ape who had taken one of the banjos was seated on the floor holding it with his left foot, while the right and both hands were used to strike resounding blows on the strings. The performer on the guitar had pressed into service a small monkey as assistant, and while the

latter held the instrument above his head, the musician used hands and tail with which to draw forth wild and discordant strains.

Goliah had left the apartment immediately the dance began, and Philip's idea was that he had simply gone to station sentinels around the building to prevent his escape; therefore he remained in one corner of the room, hidden as far as possible from the merry-makers, not daring to show the least desire to quit the scene of the festivities.

The remainder of the party did not appear to be at all disturbed by the absence of their leader. They waltzed, polkaed, bowed and promenaded, chatting gaily meanwhile; but after half an hour of this sport the greater number followed the big baboon's example, until not more than twenty couples were left to go through the motions of keeping time to the discordant braying of the instruments.

If Philip deluded himself with the idea that they were growing tired, and that he would speedily find an opportunity of making his escape, he was mistaken.

In less than a quarter of an hour the outer doors were thrown open with a crash, and the animal-trainer looked up in astonishment to see entering the room what at first glance appeared to be a party of richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen.

There were half a hundred apes wearing muslin, silk and calico dresses; some with shawls, others with bonnets, and not a few carrying gloves in their

hands, all attended by male escort clad in a variety of costumes.

It was Goliah who led this brilliant party, and leaning on his arm, but looking terrified, was Sweet Alice, who had evidently been forced by the baboon to take part in the merry-making while her mate remained a prisoner in the cage.

After what Philip had already witnessed there was no trouble in divining where these costumes had come from. The memory of a similar scene, when the colonists had appeared dressed in their best, was probably so vivid in the minds of the apes that the houses of the settlement had been immediately ransacked for a supply of finery.

Had Philip been able to so far disassociate himself from the painful fact that he was a captive, and become once more a student of natural history, he would have received a most interesting lesson regarding the point where instinct ceases and mental effort begins.

CHAPTER XVII.

INCONVENIENT MEMORIES.

UP TO this time those of the apes who had once been articles of merchandise in Philip Garland's establishment gave no signs of remembering their past treatment, and he congratulated himself, even amid his troubles, that they did not take it into their apish heads to put him through the same course of training as he formerly practiced.

This lack of memory was only temporary, however, as he soon had the best of reasons to know, and never did a man repent more bitterly his attempts at animal-training than Philip on this eventful evening, while his long-tailed hosts were indulging in the gayeties of a ball.

The sport was at its height. The partially-clad apes were whirling around the room, evidently enjoying the dance as much as ever their masters and mistresses did; and Philip stood in one corner, hidden by the throng, watching for an opportunity to make his escape through one of the half-opened windows leading to the front veranda. He believed the apes had for the time being forgotten him, but in this he made a sad mistake.

Suddenly a large monkey, who had formed a part

of the collection sold to Captain Seaworth's officers, came close to his old master. Philip recognized him as one whom he had taught, after much labor and many blows, to play the banjo, and from the expression of the animal's face he understood that further trouble for himself was near at hand.

The monkey scanned him so long and intently that half a score of the dancers ceased their sport and gathered around, full of curiosity to learn what was to be done with this specimen of the human tribe.

It was as if the animal had tried to attract the attention of his comrades. When there was a sufficient number around to prevent any possibility of the animal-trainer's escape, the monkey went to that portion of the room where one of the banjos was hanging, and, taking down the instrument, thrust it into Philip's hands as he uttered a hoarse cry in a commanding voice.

At this moment the other members of the company who had formerly belonged to Philip's establishment gathered around in high glee, and there could be no mistake as to their intentions. As the animal-trainer had taught his articles of merchandise, so now they were going to teach him, and the lesson would unquestionably be painful as well as humiliating.

For an instant Philip's pride prevented him from playing the part of musician to the monkey-dancers, and he shook his head as if to say it was impossible. Almost at the same moment he regretted having re-

fused, for the monkey immediately struck him across the face with the instrument, dealing such a blow as sent the unfortunate captive staggering back against the wall.

Again was the punishment about to be repeated, but before the blow could be delivered Philip suddenly remembered how to play, and, swallowing his pride as best he could, took the banjo, running his fingers lightly across the strings.

At this new phase in the game of monkey-turned-trainer Goliah joined the party, and his memory proved to be even more perfect than that of the others.

It had been Philip's greatest achievement in the education of these animals to form a trio, each ape performing on a different instrument; and in order that the picture should be correct, Goliah called two of those who were playing for the dancers to range themselves on either side of his late master.

Thus behold the youth whose proudest boast had been that he could train any animal, however ferocious, seated between two enormous baboons, strumming on a banjo as if his very life depended upon the amount of noise produced.

It is not necessary to say that this was no enjoyment to him; but it certainly was to the remainder of the party, and they grinned and chattered their approbation of the scene, while the one who had first started the sport stood directly behind the musician, armed with a long stick.

The unfortunate captive jangled the strings with-

out regard to harmony, and fondly fancied that this was the lowest humiliation he would be forced to bear. But his genial captors had a different opinion regarding the matter.

One of the party whom Philip had taught to climb a pole now seemed to enter into conversation with Goliah—who shall say that apes cannot talk?—and a few moments later he and two others left the apartment.

Philip was playing industriously to save his back from the shower of blows which descended at the slightest diminution of noise, when the three animals returned with a long, stout pole, and the musician dropped his instrument, literally dazed with fear and bewilderment, for now he understood what further sport he would be expected to make for the entertainment of this long-tailed party.

Was he to be called upon to perform every trick which had been taught in his emporium of wild animals? If such should prove to be the case, three days would hardly suffice in which to display all the varied accomplishments he had prided himself upon teaching, and in that time his exertions might prove fatal.

Cold streams of perspiration ran down his face, although the ball-room was far from being warm, at the bare idea of the brutish part he was called upon to perform.

The pole was there, however, and Goliah's two old counselors stood close behind the prisoner, armed with long, pliant bamboos. Philip under-

stood only too well the purpose for which these whip-like sticks had been brought.

There was no mistaking the gestures with which they commanded the prisoner to climb the pole, and from the ingenious way of keeping it upright one would have fancied they had often performed the same feat for their own amusement.

Five or six of the smaller apes seated themselves on the floor, holding the pole at the base. Those of intermediate height grasped it with their hands a few inches from the bottom; while the tallest—which were the baboons and mandrills—threw their gigantic arms above the others, and planted their feet as props beyond the lower class.

Goliah advanced toward the captive with an imperious air as he pointed to the pole and then to the sticks held by the aged apes. Philip understood that it would not be wise to hesitate much longer. In fact he received an immediate and decided incentive to obey.

Just as he was balancing himself preparatory to swinging over the living pedestal, one of Goliah's advisers struck him two severe blows, which had the desired effect.

Enraged, but yet fully realizing the danger of allowing his anger to display itself, he leaped forward and commenced climbing.

Although he may have been a thoroughly good teacher, it was not possible for him to practice gracefully that which he taught; and despite his most frantic efforts to ascend beyond reach of the bamboo

poles which the old apes kept constantly in motion, he could not succeed in climbing more than a few feet above the heads of those who held the pole. He would clamber up five or six inches, only to slip back the same distance, or further, and all the while the lower portion of his body was a fair target for his tormentors.

He now deeply regretted ever having attempted to train a monkey to climb a pole, and still more bitter were his regrets that he had used for this purpose a stout whip with which to belabor his pupils exactly as they were now belaboring him.

The sport of dancing was entirely forgotten in this new amusement, and each member of the party seemed to think it the height of pleasure to aid Goliah's counselors in their efforts to make matters lively for the animal-trainer.

He climbed and slipped back, raising himself as the blows grew more furious, and then, despite all efforts, fell on the heads of those who were holding the instrument of torture. His trousers and coat were torn almost to tatters, and his skin scratched and bleeding. He was literally in rags before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and so thoroughly exhausted as to be on the point of rebelling, regardless of the severe punishment which would inevitably follow, when a lucky accident put an end to this form of misery.

Under the incentive of blows more severe than the preceding ones, he leaped upward and at the same time sideways, grasping the pole higher than

before. By this means his weight was thrown at an angle, and the timber gave way in the middle.

The most comical antics of a clown in a circus would not have called forth such applause as that which greeted Philip when he fell bruised and bleeding upon the floor, while the entire company, even those who were clad in the greatest profusion of fineries, had a jolly game of leap-frog over his prostrate body.

For a moment he fancied this signal failure would cause his tormentors to relinquish the one-sided sport; but he forgot that among the animals sold to Captain Seaworth was his most accomplished pupil, who was now burning with a desire to do his share toward training the teacher.

Philip had remained as he fell, with his face buried in his arms to shield it from blows, when a vicious switch across the back caused him to look up.

He saw before him his talented pupil, for whom he had received an extra price because of the proficiency gained, comically scratching his thigh, capering in the air, thrusting his tongue out in a mocking fashion, and then whirling about on his head with both feet spread apart like a bent fork. In fact this extremely lively animal was repeating all the grimaces and contortions which had been instilled into his memory with so many blows of the whip.

This part of the monkey's performance was evidently for the benefit of the spectators as well as Philip. He continued it several moments, and then, bowing as he had been taught to do when receiving

applause, stood still, making the most imperative gestures to the prostrate youth.

Philip had climbed the pole because of the blows he had received, and also because such a feat was, to a certain degree, within his power; but to stand on his head and whirl around like a live teetotum was impossible. He covered his face with his arms and remained motionless.

This immobility did not continue but a few seconds, for a hoarse scream from Goliah caused half a dozen of the apes to beat his body as if it had been a drum, until, knowing he would be pounded to a jelly should he continue to disobey, he arose to his feet like one who had already tasted the horrors of the whipping-post.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM THE FRYING-PAN TO THE FIRE.

NEVER before did an unwilling performer have such an attentive and at the same time odd-looking audience. Under other circumstances Philip would have been convulsed with laughter at the scene presented in this drawing-room; but just now it was anything rather than comical, and sorrow instead of mirth was imprinted upon his face. He, the redoubtable trainer of animals, was about to attempt a handspring for a party of apes, baboons, mandrills and monkeys!

Hardly knowing how to begin, he stood for a moment hesitating; but the same means which had been employed to assist him in climbing the pole was brought into requisition, until his limbs and back felt as if they had been treated to a bath of fire.

Then the talented monkey turned one more somersault in front of Philip and stood in an expectant attitude. There was no question but that he intended the performance should be repeated, and the unfortunate youth did his best to obey. He turned a somersault, and at the same time twisted his spinal column until there was every reason to believe it was dislocated.

Then the instructor stood on his head, and Philip was obliged to attempt the same maneuver, but only to fail utterly. As a reward for his awkwardness the bamboo sticks once more descended in a shower.

To relate all the misery and sorrows of the hour which followed would be to tell one long tale of woe. Suffice it to say that as far as possible the animal-trainer copied the movements of the demon-like monkey in front of him. He jumped through hoops, blew kisses to the audience, went around hat in hand begging for money, and realized, as never before, how much labor his pupils had been forced to perform.

As he had shown anger when they failed, and treated them with liberal doses of the whip, so did they give the same token of displeasure because of his awkward movements.

This painful and humiliating performance might have continued until it became literally an impossibility for Philip to raise either a hand or foot, had it not been for an unexplained diversion.

He was thoroughly exhausted. It seemed that not even once more could he go through the semblance of repeating his instructor's example, and he believed that the time had come when his career on this earth would be ended forever, under the castigation of the apes. At this supreme moment a sudden uproar in the adjoining apartment caused the spectators in this new school of ground and lofty tumbling to rush helter-skelter from the place of

amusement, and to his most intense relief the unhappy captive was left alone.

Bruised, bleeding and exhausted as he was, nothing save the knowledge of his imminent peril could have induced him to so much as raise a hand. Now, however, it was absolutely necessary, in order to save his life, that he leave the village, and, limping painfully, he made his way through the window to the street.

In which direction the grotto lay he had no idea, because of the bewilderment that had come upon him during the past hour, and it was only possible to rush blindly forward into the jungle, taking no heed of his steps save that each one carried him further away from the scene of his humiliation and punishment.

Stumbling, falling, rising only to fall again, he pushed on amid the tangled foliage, nerved to almost superhuman exertions by the knowledge of what his fate might be in case an escape was not effected.

In this manner, hardly knowing whether he continued in a straight course or moved in a circle, he managed to press forward until the underbrush became more sparse, and hope again sprung up in his heart. He supposed he had arrived at the banana grove, where it was possible to procure food, and from whence he would have but little difficulty in finding the grotto.

But for the fact that the events and ill-treatment of the evening had dazed him, he would have exercised more care while traveling over an unknown

country. As it was, however, he walked blindly on, until he found himself sinking amid the slime and water of a jungle marsh.

That which he had mistaken for the banana plantation was one of those open morasses so frequent in this portion of the globe; and as the cold water flowed around his aching body he realized the danger in which he had thus incautiously placed himself.

In attempting to raise his feet and scramble back to more solid earth he sunk the deeper, and then reason gave way to fear.

He knew that any effort on his part would make the situation more dangerous; but this was forgotten in the frenzy which came upon him.

At the first plunge the water had only been within a few inches of his knees; in five minutes it was at his waist, his lower limbs being so imprisoned that any further movement of his feet was impossible.

Now came a new cause for alarm. He had felt himself growing weak for several moments, but believing the faintness was caused by exertions made during his rapid flight he paid no attention to the fact until, when held prisoner by the mud, he discovered that his hands, face and neck were covered with what at first glance appeared to be small caterpillars, dark brown in color and striped with vivid yellow.

Under the most favorable circumstances they were disgusting-looking creatures; but now, when

by reason of his dangerous position every disagreeable object was magnified, they seemed positively repulsive. He attempted to brush away three or four which had fastened on the back of his hand, and to his mingled surprise and horror they clung the tighter.

Taking hold of one with his thumb and finger he was forced to use no slight amount of strength in removing it, and then a cry of terror burst from his lips as he discovered that the repulsive thing was sucking his blood.

He was covered with forest-leeches, which had attached themselves to him during his flight through the woods, and his sudden and excessive weakness arose from the enormous quantities of life-blood which they had drained from his veins. For the instant his dangerous predicament was forgotten in this new cause for alarm, and during five minutes he paid but little attention to the fact that he was sinking deeper and deeper into the mire while pulling the tiny vampires from his flesh.

Once these pests were removed, however, all the horrors of his situation came upon him with redoubled force.

He was alone in a swamp, which continued to engulf him despite all efforts, and it seemed certain that life, so painful but a short time previous, was about to be extinguished.

However much one may wish for the approach of death, he instinctively struggles against it when the summons comes. So it was with Philip. An hour

ago suffocation in the marsh would have seemed preferable to the dangers by which he was surrounded; and yet, when the supreme moment was so near at hand, the desire for life became strong once more.

Any efforts of his were useless, and to summon aid would be to call around him the enemies from whom he had been endeavoring to escape; but now that it was a question of life or death, he did not hesitate.

Again and again he cried for help, knowing that if his words were not understood, those who had probably been sent in search of him would be attracted to the spot by his voice. The exertion necessary to make this appeal caused him to sink deeper and deeper in the treacherous mud, but he continued to shout until the rustling of foliage warned him that help, even though attended by danger, was at hand.

He expected to see the grinning face of Goliah or some of his adherents, and even these would have been welcome; but to his inexpressible delight it was the faithful chimpanzee who had responded to his cry for help.

Alice recognized his danger at once, and wasted no time in investigations. With one paw clutching the trunk of a tree, which grew on solid ground, she extended the other to him, and he grasped it with the same desperate energy that a drowning man does the plank pushed out to save him from death.

His own strength would have been insufficient to release him from the predicament, for the mire had a hold stronger than human hands; but his rescuer was powerful of limb, and, as he clutched her wrist with both hands, she drew him safely to the shore.

It was several moments before he was able to make any movement toward leaving the place, and during all this while Alice intimated, by the expression of her face as well as by her gestures of anxiety, that he should follow her.

When he had partially recovered from the exhaustion superinduced by his flight and subsequent struggles, Philip motioned for the chimpanzee to proceed, and at a rapid pace she led him through the jungle in, as he thought, the direction of the grotto.

Only once during this fatiguing journey did the animal halt, and then it was before a bubbling spring which, singularly enough in a land of luxuriant vegetation, stood in a space of at least a hundred square yards whereon not so much as a blade of grass was growing.

To find on this island such an arid spot caused Philip surprise, even though he was so distressed both in body and mind; but he was not in a condition to search for the cause, and would have passed by without halting, motioning to Alice that he was not thirsty, if she by her gestures had not insisted on his taking note of the water.

Thinking the best way to satisfy her would be to raise a few drops to his lips, he dipped his hand in

the spring. Instead of feeling the grateful contact of cool liquid upon his flesh, it seemed as if he had touched diluted lye. It was slightly warm, not of a very pleasant odor, and as he attempted to rub the moisture from his fingers a lather like that made by soap was produced.

For an instant he was at a loss to understand the meaning of this apparent phenomenon, and then came the thought that he had heard his friend, Captain Seaworth, speak of these soap-springs to be found in the Malay Archipelago. It was a discovery which he welcomed quite as gladly as though it had been pure water and he half-famished with thirst.

Hastily throwing off his clothes he plunged to the neck in the soapy liquid, and never before was a bath more refreshing to a weary mortal.

Lathering his flesh again and again, he washed away all traces of his plunge in the swamp, and after rubbing himself thoroughly, felt that delicious sense of cleanliness which is so refreshing. The only difficulty was to rid himself of the soapy substance, for however often he might plunge beneath the surface the foam would appear every time he passed his hand over his flesh, and it was only when in a partial state of dryness that he put on his clothes once more, making gestures to the chimpanzee that he was ready to continue the journey.

Although monkeys are not supposed to wash themselves, it was quite evident she knew the properties of this water—perhaps from seeing some

of the colonists use it—and Philip could not fail to wonder at the intelligence she displayed.

After half an hour's rapid traveling the astonishment of the fugitive can be imagined when, instead of arriving at the grotto, he found himself inside the village.

This was the one spot of all others on the island which he wished to avoid, and to the utmost of his ability he represented by gesture that it was in the highest degree dangerous for him to go near Goliah.

Had Alice been able to speak his language she could not have replied more expressively. By her movements he was made to understand that his former place of hiding was known to the huge baboon, and that it would be possible to secrete himself only in the very midst of his enemies.

"What matters it?" he said to himself. "The chimpanzee can lead me into no greater danger than that to which I have already been exposed, and I will follow her as confidently as I would a human being."

Then he motioned Alice to proceed, and she led the way, much to his surprise, directly through the main street of the settlement, where not a single ape, monkey or baboon was to be seen.

Probably all had gone in search of him, and, knowing this, Alice had formed her plans accordingly. She went directly to the house which he had just left, and opened the door of the reception-room where he had experienced so much humiliation and pain.

Then, as if to say that her continued absence might excite suspicion, she motioned to the doors and wooden shutters of the windows as if advising that they be closed, and left him to his own reflections.

CHAPTER XIX.

BESIEGED.

THE BEHAVIOR of the chimpanzee, as well as his own good common sense, which he had had time to recover since the adventure in the marsh, told Philip that it would be useless longer to fly from his enemies. He was in a building constructed with especial reference to safety from outside foes, and by barricading himself in the series of rooms which led from the kitchen to the parlor he might be able to stand a siege of many days.

It is true he had no reason to expect aid, since it seemed most likely Captain Seaworth's party had been massacred; but yet time to wait for the coming of human companions was the one thing desired, and to such end he made every preparation.

On this, as well as on the other side of the building, each window had heavy wooden shutters which could be closed from the inside, and the doors were sufficiently stout to resist any attack which might be made by the apes. As a matter of course, a determined body of men with the proper tools could soon effect an entrance; but it was hardly probable the animals would be able to break in after the place was once properly fortified.

Philip understood that there was no time to be

lost, for at any moment Goliah and his forces might return. Therefore his first act was to shut and barricade the three doors leading to the veranda. Then the heavy shutters of the windows were closed and bolted, half a dozen candles were lighted, and the fortification was as nearly complete as he could make it.

He now experienced a sense of security such as had not visited him since the moment when he was thrown upon these inhospitable shores. There was on hand sufficient food to last a long time, and he felt safe from any immediate danger.

The one thing needful at this moment was slumber, and with a mind free from apprehensions he made up such a bed in the dining-room as even a less weary youth would not have disdained, closing his eyes in peaceful sleep almost instantly after lying down.

He awakened in a calmer frame of mind than he had known since the time when the good bark Swallow first encountered the gale, and was fully alive to all the possibilities of his situation. He had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that so long as he was destined to remain on the island he would be exposed to a vengeance worse than death at the hands of those whom he had once treated as articles of merchandise. At present he believed himself to be perfectly secure; but as a matter of course, if he should dare to venture forth it would be to become the object of renewed attacks, which very likely would end only in his death.

It was with such thoughts that his mind was occupied as he took from the kitchen cupboard a fresh supply of candles to replace those long since consumed, and then examined his miniature fortress to see if there was any vulnerable point of attack which he had overlooked.

There was a second story, and through this it might be possible the apes could effect an entrance, therefore he lost no time in examining the upper portion of his refuge.

The rooms above were of the same size as those on the ground-floor; but directly over the corner was a small bell-tower open on all four sides, and entered by a trap-door. This last was secured by two iron bolts which shut into mortices in the main timbers of the building, and, as he believed, were sufficiently strong to resist any ordinary attack.

It was in this corner apartment over the parlor that Captain Seaworth had established his private office, and, strange to say, it had thus far escaped the observation of the apes. Everything was in the most complete order. The books, papers and boxes which filled the shelves on either side were as the commander of the ill-fated colony had left them. On the writing-desk lay an unfinished letter to the stockholders of the corporation, probably abandoned when the writer was called upon to resist this army of apes.

It was not necessary for Philip to close the heavy window-shutters, for they were already bolted, and in each was a sort of Venetian blind about four

inches square, which permitted a view of the surrounding country while the spectator remained hidden.

Before examining further Philip looked from these loop-holes, and to his dismay saw that he was already besieged.

At every point of vantage on the outside his enemies were posted. On the elevations of land in the immediate vicinity, the branches of the trees, and even the tops of the surrounding buildings, were groups of apes, who watched this portion of the house as if understanding that in it was hidden the human animal from whom they expected such rare entertainment or revenge.

There could be no question but that they were on the *qui vive*, and at the slightest movement of their captive would begin an attack. It was the silent siege of an enemy who did not consider it necessary to conceal himself behind his lines of defense.

Philip viewed the scene much as does a general when surveying a battle-field. For the apes to climb up the sides of the house, whereon were no projecting points, he knew was an impossibility, as it also was for them to effect an entrance through the barricaded doors and windows. To reach the tower from the adjoining buildings would not be difficult for such agile climbers; but once there their opportunities for attack would be no better than on the street below.

That Goliah was preparing for battle seemed hardly probable, since it is not generally believed

that animals know anything concerning warfare; but yet he was certainly bringing up his troops in the most soldier-like fashion. From the loop-holes Philip could see company after company marching to this point or that in regular order; and no less than twenty of the larger baboons, each wearing a saber by his side, were making regular rounds of the clearing, as if inspecting the troops.

To give it more the appearance of a regular siege, only certain of these long-tailed warriors were on watch, the others remaining close at hand in readiness to open the battle at the first warning cry. These idle ones were amusing themselves in a variety of ways. Some were wrestling, others playing leap-frog, and not a few apparently interested in story-telling—at least so it seemed to Philip in this latter case, for parties of from fifteen to twenty were gathered around some venerable monkey who appeared to be talking very earnestly.

Now and then Goliah would harangue the troops in the same manner as he had addressed those composing the court-martial, and that he was making direct reference to the house and its occupant could be told from the fact that he frequently pointed to those on guard as well as to the building, finally going through a series of threatening gestures, as if explaining what he proposed to do when the time for action should come.

But for Philip's knowledge of how nearly apes can copy the movements of men he would have laughed at the baboons' antics; but yet he could not

bring himself to believe his fortifications were in danger of being carried, or that the enemy would make any real assault.

It seemed only reasonable to suppose the brutes would not continue very long a siege which he could well sustain, according to the contents of his larder, for many weeks; therefore, being tranquil in mind, he could afford to examine leisurely his place of refuge.

A search resulted in his finding quite as much food for the mind as for the body, which was a great boon, considering the length of time he might be confined in this limited space. The apartment directly over the kitchen had been fitted up as a library and lounging-room, probably for the benefit of Captain Seaworth's officers, and here was a collection of books of travel.

In such an out-of-the-way corner of the world these silent companions would be of the utmost value even in the case of those who enjoyed freedom of action, but to Philip in his present condition they were rare treasures.

His investigations in this quarter were ended for the time being, and descending to the kitchen, he made such a breakfast of canned provisions as was in the highest degree satisfactory, washing it down with moderate draughts of light wine. Then he betook himself once more to Captain Seaworth's private office in the hope of finding something which would give him a clew to the reasons why the island had thus been left to Goliah and his followers.

A single written line indicating a combined attack of the apes would explain why a large body of men had been overcome by the animals; yet, armed as the colonists undoubtedly were, able to shelter themselves behind the walls of the buildings, it did not seem as if any number of the monkey-tribe could vanquish such a force as he knew had made their headquarters on this island.

Yet it appeared as if such must have been the case, and Philip searched among the papers in the hope of solving the riddle.

There were statements of moneys paid to the laborers, a detailed account of the erection of all the buildings, together with mention of the time occupied in unloading the vessel, dates as to when the crops had been planted, memoranda to show what portion of the jungle was intended should be cleared, and in fact all the minutiæ of the business connected with establishing the colony, but no word relative to such enemies as Philip had encountered.

Not until he was about to abandon the search did he find that for which he sought. A large book lying carelessly at one side of the room had hitherto escaped his observation because it seemed to be of little importance, and he opened it without any idea that it might be the document for which he had been hunting so eagerly.

The first page was sufficient to arrest his attention, for on it was written, in bold letters, and in round, clear characters:

Log of the ship Reynard, and Journal of my stay at Luzon.

Here was what Philip had been most anxious to find, and without thought of the grinning faces which were keeping close watch over the building he seated himself in an arm-chair, believing the mystery was about to be solved.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN SEAWORTH'S JOURNAL.

THE DRY details of the log-book did not interest Philip save as they showed him that the Reynard arrived at the island after a reasonably prosperous voyage, with the colonists and crew in the best of health.

He read of the exploration of the island, where mention was made of the extinct volcano which he had already seen, and learned that the village was on the southernmost of the Toukang-Basi group.

Then, in rapid succession, he noted the author's remarks relative to certain portions of the land which it was proposed to cultivate, ran his eye carelessly over the meteorological observations, and passed quickly on to those pages where mention was made of the settlement, referring to which Captain Seaworth wrote:

The portable houses prove to be a most admirable invention. In fifteen days we have unloaded and set up every building, and not one joist has been wrongly measured or marked. In that short space of time we built an entire village resembling those to be found in Sumatra, and are as comfortably situated as the most captious colonist could desire.

The Reynard has been brought around to the

eastern shore, where we have found a small bay with water enough to float a line-of-battle ship, and the banks of which are so densely wooded that it is impossible to see a hundred yards in either direction. But for the fact that we are in the very center of a nest of Malay pirates, I should have no hesitation whatever about leaving her at moorings in charge of the boatswain. As it is, however, I am obliged to keep half the crew quartered on board, which reduces my working force very materially.

If this colony does not succeed it will unquestionably be because of the ever-increasing audacity of the pirates who infest the seas in this part of the world. Their power increases year by year, and their flotillas have become fleets. The proas and junks are armed like frigates, and as sailors and fighting-men their crews are the most energetic of any nation; therefore it is that to guard against these marauders is the most important of all our duties, and better the work of planting should progress slowly than that we run the risk of having the fruits of our labor destroyed through neglect of precaution.

The soil of the island is evidently very fertile. Flowers and fruits are abundant, and the thickest positively swarm with game. Save for the apes, which are as thick here as grasshoppers in a country field, this would be a garden spot indeed. But the apes destroy the charm of the place, since one must be constantly on watch against them, and they increase like flies. Unless some means can be devised to exterminate them we shall be forced to guard our plantations by night as well as by day, and therefore I have many serious misgivings as to whether the venture which has been so admirably planned will prove successful. To defend ourselves against the pirates from the ocean, and to save our crops from

apes, we need at least two hundred more men; and whether I shall be justified in making the additional outlay, after it was decided that there were to be no further expenditures, is the question which disturbs me greatly.

To guard against these monkey-robbers, who pull up our plants from sheer love of mischief, a high, barbed-wire fence would answer every purpose; but, unfortunately, it would cost more for such material than the additional force required, because it must be sent out in a ship from New York. My first officer counsels that we visit Lombok, Batavia, or Samarang, for the purpose of procuring natives, and his opinion I should incline to were it not for the fact that I am afraid to withdraw the entire ship's crew from the island lest the colonists be overcome either by pirates or apes, the latter being quite as formidable as the former.

Here followed many notes regarding the labor already performed or projected; and continuing after the banana plantation had been started, Captain Seaworth wrote:

Our house life is charming. The colonists are enjoying the best of health, in houses surrounded with palm-trees; and as for our own quarters, I never had anything to compare with these, not even in Madras, in point of comfort and elegance. We want for nothing, and our amusements are numerous. Once each week we give a ball in the drawing-room of the main building, and on Saturday mornings we hold an informal court on the open lawn to decide as to the business and government of our charming island.

Again I am constrained to speak of our pests,

the apes. So numerous are they, in fact, that one is almost certain, in discharging a gun at hazard, to bring down an animal; and their ferocity exceeds anything of which I have ever read. Those we brought from the establishment of Garland & Co. are civilized beings compared with the tribe we find here. It is a source of many jokes that we should have taken the trouble to bring so far pets which could be captured in such numbers. Instead of buying apes, we could ship a full cargo and never know they had left the island.

Again, the journal was continued with notes which would interest the stockholders of the enterprise more than they did Philip, and he passed hastily over them until he found the following:

I have been trying to teach the gigantic baboon, Goliah, to follow me in the semi-weekly hunts we make for apes. Although hundreds are killed on each occasion the numbers do not seem to diminish, and we have decided to make hunters, if possible, of the apes we brought with us. Goliah, especially, would be invaluable could he be trained to prey upon those of his kind who so disturb us. Thus far, however, we have met with only partial success.

During our excursion yesterday, while in the center of a large wood of mimosas, where I had wandered with the baboon, I suddenly saw advancing toward me with a club, which he carried like a drum-major's cane, a gigantic mandrill, black as a negro, and followed by a regiment of apes.

Goliah, generally so fierce and courageous, trembled with terror as he beheld this enormous animal. He recognized in him a conqueror, and consequently one to be feared. For the first time

since owning him he crouched by my side like a frightened dog imploring protection, at the same time gnashing his teeth and beating his breast as he glanced furtively toward the gigantic beast who confronted him. This was the opportunity for which I had sought. If my baboon would fight the mandrill and come off victorious it might be possible the lesson had been learned, and I raised my rifle with the intention of wounding the brute, in order to make it more certain Goliah would vanquish him.

Before I could discharge the weapon, however, the gigantic stranger leaped upon Goliah regardless of my presence, and the struggle between the two animals was terrific. Unquestionably my baboon would speedily have been killed, for in a few seconds he received most terrible punishment, and I was forced to fire at the risk of hitting the wrong one. Fortunately my aim was perfect, and the colossal mandrill fell dead.

Never have I seen any animal display so much joy as did Goliah when his enemy expired. He would first shower blows upon the body, and then fawn on me with the most extravagant demonstrations of pleasure and thankfulness. With each buffet of the carcass his courage seemed to return, and I flatter myself that after a few more lessons he will understand his mission is the slaughter of these long-tailed pests.

The apes who accompanied the mandrill dispersed immediately after his fall without offering any violence, but from the threatening demonstrations made to Goliah it seemed as if they were vowing vengeance; and he must have understood something of the kind, for despite his returning courage he hugged closer to my side, trembling violently all the while. Could they have gotten hold of him at that moment, the largest baboon ever owned by

Garland & Co. would soon have been food for the ants.

I shall have this enormous mandrill skinned, and dry his hide and bones, in order to present them to the Museum at Central Park on my return home.

"Then this is the story of the skeleton I found hanging on the mimosas when I was first cast ashore here," Philip said to himself. "He must have hung it there that the ants might devour the flesh. But how much different would have been my position had the captain or the mandrill killed Goliah! I think I should most heartily enjoy seeing the bones of that vicious baboon hanging side by side with those among the mimosas."

This portion of the journal was concluded with two paragraphs, both of which were particularly interesting to Philip, and he read as follows:

From what I have heard of the habits of these peculiar animals, coupled with my own observations, I am of the opinion that the mandrill which I killed was the chief or leader of all the apes on the island, and am greatly in hopes the death of this beast may prevent many of their predatory excursions.

On returning from this hunt I placed my rifle in the concealed armory, because I do not wish the baboons to get the idea that I use anything but the weapons provided by nature, for it might make them timid in the hunt which I am determined they shall indulge in before many weeks more.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HAPPY DISCOVERY.

THE LAST paragraph which Philip read caused him to leap from his chair in very excess of joy, since through it he learned that concealed somewhere in the building—probably very near where he sat—was a collection of weapons. If only so much as one rifle could be found, he would be reasonably certain of holding his besiegers at bay, at least until the provisions were exhausted.

Heeding not the volume, which had fallen to the floor, he made a hasty circuit of the room, opening closet after closet until all but one had been examined, and in this last he found that for which he sought. Captain Seaworth had referred to it as "the armory," but it must have been his own private sporting weapons, for there were three fine fowling-pieces, two rifles, and a large quantity of cartridges made up for every kind of game.

To buckle on one of the ammunition-belts, fill it with ball-cartridges and seize a rifle from the hooks was but the work of a moment, after which Philip felt that at last he was in a condition to cope with a hundred such as Goliah.

It was hardly possible to exterminate all the apes on the island from the windows of the building, but

he could certainly slay the most vicious, and having done so, would in a certain measure be free to move around.

Philip now understood that Goliah had taken the place of the mandrill whom Captain Seaworth killed, and was exercising the rights of leader over them—an office which they probably respected because he approached so nearly in size to their late chief. With Goliah and his counselors dead, however, Philip's position would be far more safe, if not comfortable, and using the two chimpanzees as guard, it might be possible to roam about the island at will. Then he could gather yet more gold from the subterranean stream, and stow it away preparatory to removal as soon as any vessel might visit that shore, unless, indeed, the pirates spoken of in the journal should first make their appearance.

Now that he felt reasonably secure from the apes he began to fear those marauders of the sea about whom he had read, and he could readily fancy that to them was due the absence of the colonists. The pirates had most likely made a raid upon the island, and killed or carried off as prisoners those who were trying to establish the plantation.

Although this seemed the true and only reasonable explanation as to why Captain Seaworth and his party had disappeared, it was certainly strange and beyond Philip's power to imagine why a more thorough sack of the buildings had not taken place. That the pirates should leave all this property—for so far as he had seen the houses were filled with a

plentiful supply of movable goods—seemed incomprehensible; but he was not disposed to waste much time in these useless speculations. It was as if he wished to enjoy the sense of security given by the weapons, and advancing to the window he gazed through the loop-holes into the street.

The besiegers were still in the same places and the same attitudes of hostility, but they had increased in numbers. From this point of vantage he counted among the foliage and crouching behind the trunks of the trees more than a hundred animals, all watching the closed windows with the greatest intentness, and evidently waiting for an opportunity to begin the attack.

Philip laughed to himself as he saw the vindictive faces of the apes, and thought what a surprise he had in store for them, or how useless would be their attempts to drive him out. But he failed to realize what they could do in case of an attack, or how fierce might be the battle. The knowledge that he had plenty of ammunition caused him to look upon these brute enemies with a certain disdain which was destined to be changed to one of fear before many days passed.

Leaving his position at the window he took the journal from the floor and laid it on the table, but without any intention of reading it. He would have plenty of time in which to pursue the investigation, and was resolved now to enjoy himself after his own fashion. Besides, he was weary with sitting still so long, and hungry. A further perusal

of the document which might reveal to him the cause of the colonists' absence could be had at any time, and there would undoubtedly be many dull hours to while away; consequently he was in no haste to finish the captain's story.

A spiral staircase from the library led to the rooms below, and he went into the kitchen intending there to have a hearty meal, for it would be foolish not to enjoy that with which he was so generously provided.

There was an ample store of candles, and he lighted half a dozen in order to give the semblance of a feast to his lonely repast.

Since his stay was indefinite and might be prolonged even into months, he resolved to be methodical in his manner of living. Therefore, as the first step in this direction, he set about arranging the table with as much care as if he was to entertain a party of epicures.

Even at this moment, when he fancied his wants were so generously provided for, came the knowledge that he would be denied water. During his previous repast he congratulated himself that there was plenty of wine, and thought this the most pleasant method of assuaging thirst; but now he was of a different opinion. Although having been deprived of nature's beverage so short a time, he would have bartered a case of the finest champagne in Captain Seaworth's collection for a single pint of such water as he had found in the grotto. But this it was impossible to obtain, and during the elaborate meal he

fancied how refreshing would be coffee or tea rather than the rare vintages with which he was plentifully supplied.

In the preparation of this meal he had an opportunity of taking account of the stores on hand, and, as nearly as could be judged, there was sufficient to last him at least three months; therefore fear of starvation was not among his troubles.

A hearty meal was conducive to sleep, and being thoroughly the master of his own time, Philip ascended the narrow staircase to the captain's bedchamber, where, for the first time since the gale which wrecked the Swallow sprung up, he was able to undress and retire in a Christian-like fashion.

The unwonted luxury of a soft bed, clean sheets and pillows, were well calculated to keep him within the borders of dreamland many hours, and when he awakened the morning sun was just peeping in through the crevices of the blind in the shutter.

With the awakening came the further and perhaps even greater desire for water. He was denied even the pleasure of washing his face unless with wine, and contented himself as best he could by using a dry towel, after which he descended once more to the kitchen, where he made anything rather than a hearty meal of canned dainties. He was beginning to tire of delicacies, and remembered with regret the coarse food from which he had turned with disgust while on board the Swallow.

It is strange in what a channel one's fancies sometimes run. Here was Philip, virtually a prisoner

on an island inhabited by apes who would rend him limb from limb should he venture out of doors, and yet he was longing ardently for a commonplace plate of hash, and a cup of the weakest coffee that was ever set before the patrons of a cheap boarding-house would have tasted at that moment like nectar. However, neither the hash nor the coffee was to be had for the wishing, and he ascended once more to the library.

Another view of the surroundings was anything rather than reassuring. The apes were there, with numbers still further increased, occupying the same points of vantage as when he had seen them the day previous, and now each had in front of him, or in a crotch of a tree where he was located, a little pile of heavy stones stacked up with as much care as if they had been cartridges, and Philip was soon to learn that they would be almost as effective as the heaviest charged shell in his collection.

His first thought on noting these missiles was that they were intended for him as soon as he made his appearance out of doors. He failed to comprehend how the apes might use them; but all too soon did he understand.

For a moment he stood undetermined whether to give his assailants a taste of powder and ball at once, believing a lesson might be beneficial; but the thought of the unfinished journal restrained him.

"I have plenty of time in which to show what can be done with fire-arms," he said to himself, "and it won't interfere with the effectiveness of the dose

if I wait until the hours begin to drag. Beside, it is to Goliah that the first instruction must be given, and then that little ape who made me stand on my head shall be the next to receive one of the captain's bullets."

Thus it was that a desire for revenge had come into Philip's mind with the first assurance of his own safety, as it often comes to the minds of others. We arrogate to ourselves the right to teach, and cloak under it a vengeance oftentimes as childish as the besieged animal-trainer's may seem.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOLVING THE MYSTERY.

WITH the happy belief in his mind that he could punish and drive away his assailants whenever he should feel so disposed, Philip seated himself once more in the captain's arm-chair and opened the journal at the page whereon he had found the welcome information concerning the weapons.

It was no longer like a person who believes himself in danger that Philip continued the story. The fire-arms and stock of ammunition had given him a sense of almost perfect security, and to have seen him as he took up the book one would have supposed him to be some prosperous planter's son rather than a shipwrecked youth surrounded on all sides by brute enemies.

Philip had ceased reading at the point where the mystery attending the disappearance of the colonists was apparently solved, and now the lines which followed caused him to be oblivious of everything around. The additional information was couched in the following words:

We have this morning discovered that which gives my officers and myself the greatest uneasiness.

There can no longer be any question but that the pirates have learned of our whereabouts, and are already meditating an attack, in which case we shall be almost entirely at their mercy, for the ship is not armed sufficiently heavy to resist such an onslaught as may be expected.

It has been the subject of consultation during the forenoon, and opinion seems to be equally divided as to whether we ought to abandon the plantation, or destroy the ship and hold out as long as possible in such frail refuge as the buildings of the village will afford. In the event of our deciding upon this last plan, it is an open question with me whether we will not be sacrificing more than if we left the island until a sufficient force of natives can be procured from one of the Dutch settlements to augment our army until we are able to cope with these scourges of the seas.

The cause of our uneasiness may seem a trifling one to the uninitiated, but those who are at all familiar with the customs of the Malays can readily understand how imminent is the danger which threatens.

Last evening Mr. Clark, who is in command of the ship while she lays at anchorage, believed he saw the reflection of a light from the southernmost point of the island, but owing to the lateness of the hour he did not report such fact to me. This morning at daybreak he, with half a dozen of the crew, proceeded to that portion of the beach where the fire was supposed to have been built, and the absence of any embers in the vicinity convinced him that he had been mistaken or else a vessel was burned many miles off the coast. On returning to the Reynard, however, he found sufficient proof that the pirates had been on shore within the past twenty-four hours, for sticking in the sand directly

opposite the ship was a Malay creese. It is such a menace as cannot be misunderstood. Before making an attack the pirates, in case members of their own tribe are at a station to be destroyed, leave such a weapon near by as token that they must be ready to use their own creeses when the battle begins. We have among the colonists four Malays, whom we took from Batavia as interpreters in the event of our finding any natives on this island.

I am positive these four did not see the sinister message, otherwise the knife would have been removed; and I have just given Mr. Clark orders to forbid the sailors to leave the ship lest the fact should become known to those who may have joined us simply for the purpose of aiding in the massacre which would probably take place if the pirates landed. Judging from what I have read and heard, it is not likely we shall be molested for several days; therefore sufficient time yet remains in which to decide upon our course of action.

At this moment the arrival of a ship would be most opportune. I am positive any captain could be persuaded or hired to remain at anchor here three or four weeks, while a portion of our company sailed in search of natives. In any event, word could be sent to Batavia; therefore, in the hope of signaling a vessel that shall lend such assistance, I have had a fire built in the crater of the old volcano, which is the highest point of land, and detailed a force of men to feed it night and day. Should any European craft pass within sight, her commander would unquestionably endeavor to learn the reason for the beacon, and thus my object may be attained.

"I am gradually learning the cause of the apes' movements," Philip said to himself, as he looked up

from the book thoughtfully. "Goliah's force probably enjoyed the glare of the flames, and since then, when having nothing better to occupy their attention, have kept the fire alive as I saw it on the night they captured me. If I ever succeed in reaching home again I shall have a true story to tell which will seem in the highest degree improbable."

Then he turned his attention to the journal once more, and read the following:

During the past week the officers have been making ready for a ball to be held in this building, and I do not consider it necessary to put an end to the festivities. This merry-making will serve to allay any suspicions regarding our safety which may have sprung up among the colonists, owing to our protracted consultation of the morning, and it is in the highest degree essential that no panic shall ensue, whatever plan we may decide upon. The officers are warned to keep our deliberations a secret, and the people will dance and sing as if we were in perfect security, instead of living, as is really the case, on the crater of a sleeping volcano, which has already begun to seethe and boil preparatory to an eruption.

This last paragraph completed the page, and Philip eagerly turned to the next leaf, but it was blank. The journal, which he had believed would extend very much further, was suddenly ended. Not a word respecting the ball, nor any mention of the weapon left in the sand!

A sinister blank followed the last line penned by the captain. What had happened to the colony and

to the writer himself since this final entry? No one was present to answer these questions; but an ominous reply was written everywhere around in the silence and desolation; the houses partially destroyed and their contents pillaged; savage and vindictive animals wearing, as if in raillery, the habiliments of gallant officers.

During the remainder of that day Philip sat in the library studying over what was apparently a solution of the mystery, but arriving at no satisfactory conclusion. It seemed almost certain the pirates had interrupted the merry-making, and that the captain was massacred before the dawning of another morning, otherwise he would have written more, for the journal bore evidence of an entry, however slight or insignificant, each day.

"But," Philip asked himself, "if the Malays did make the descent, why was not the village destroyed, and why were the valuable contents of the houses left behind? If the pirates overcame the colonists they would have had plenty of opportunity to sack and pillage, for there was no possibility of an interruption, since they were masters of the surrounding sea."

One other supposition flashed across Philips mind, although it seemed too absurd to be seriously entertained, and this was that the apes had forestalled the murderous intentions of the pirates. Despite the apparent foolishness of such a conjecture Philip could not banish the idea, even though he said many times that if all belonging to the colony had been

assassinated in some mysterious way, he would certainly have found their remains during his travels since the shipwreck.

Night came and he was still seated in the library sad and disheartened. During the hours of darkness he alternately slumbered and speculated upon the tragedy which must have taken place. Before morning he solved the mystery or believed he did; and, terrible as was his theory, it had strangely enough the effect of calming him to a wonderful degree.

"It can only be accounted for by the fact that the creese had been left on the shore earlier than the officer of the ship believed," he said aloud, as if addressing a companion. "The light which Mr. Clark thinks he fancied must have been a reality—a signal to other vessels in the vicinity. While the ball was at its height the pirates landed, so completely surprising the merry-makers that resistance was more than useless; therefore no blood was shed, but every member of the party was made prisoner. At that moment, according to my belief, a body of apes appeared, and the pirates, in the darkness, mistaking them for human beings, fled before there was an opportunity to gather up the plunder."

This supposition was certainly the most plausible of any yet entertained by Philip. Had the entire colony been captured while at the ball, it would account for the disorder of the dining-room, where the tables had been prepared for the banquet.

With these gloomy ideas in his mind Philip no longer dreamed of vengeance. He now believed that escape from the island was impossible. Should he succeed in holding the apes at bay it would only serve to prolong life until the pirates returned, as they undoubtedly would under the belief that there were more inhabitants on the island.

"I shall live in this building as in a tomb as long as it pleases God to preserve me," he said to himself. "And the treasure in the cave is of no more value than if I had piled up the sands on the seashore. To dream of leaving here is little less than madness, surrounded and guarded as I am by those who are a thousand times more crafty and cruel than the Malay pirates."

All hope was dead, and as does one who bids farewell to this earth, expecting his stay on it is numbered by hours, he moved about mechanically, but yet instinctively trying to preserve longer his wretched existence. As if his weapons were now useless he replaced them in the closet, but examined once more the fastenings of the doors and windows, closing the shuttered loop-holes that he might not see the sinister and menacing cordon of besiegers.

Then he descended to the floor below, determined there to spend the last few hours of this most unnatural drama. The darkness was preferable to light when even the slight consolation of hope must be denied, and he waited only for death, in what form he did not speculate, to come.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES.

IT IS difficult to describe the condition of mind into which Philip fell when the hope which had so long sustained him took flight.

As one in a dream, and hardly more conscious of his movements than a sleeper, he remained during the next five days in the lower story of the building.

A most unnatural and unhealthy condition of mind it was; but another under the same circumstances might have displayed even less fortitude. He believed death to be inevitable in a very short time, and that it was an equal chance whether the blow would be dealt by pirates or apes; therefore, with his sensibilities dulled by the conviction that his days on earth were few, he passed them as does the brute, and without thought save for the one supreme moment.

Mechanically he ate, drank and slept, seeing nothing save those objects which were revealed by the rays of the candles, and it is more than probable his mind would have given way under the continued monotony had it not been for the rebellion his body made against this unnatural mode of life.

His clothes, which had been literally torn to rags during his painful experience in trying to amuse

the apes and his subsequent flight through the thicket, actually fell from his body, and since he possessed neither needle nor thread he was almost in a complete state of nudity.

The rainy season, which answers in the tropics to our winter, had just commenced. The nights were damp, even cold; and it was against this exposure that his body rebelled. During the first two or three days the deprivation of natural beverage affected him but slightly. He drank frequently of the different wines and liquors to be found in the closet, and therefore was always thirsty. The greater amount of spirits he consumed the more necessary did water become, and as his body protested against the cold, so did his stomach and brain cry out against such stimulants.

That which at the end of the second day had simply been an inconvenience became absolute suffering as time wore on. His eyes were swollen and bloodshot; his pulse beat with feverish rapidity, his mouth felt parched and dry, and the throbbing of his brain was like violent blows against the skull. It needed but little to deprive him of reason, and yet he realized not his own condition.

It was while suffering from that which was so nearly akin to delirium that, hardly knowing what he did he ascended the staircase, took once more the weapons from the closet and approached the window.

The fever in his blood rendered him irresponsible, and now a conflict was something to be desired. In

his mind came a vague idea that he would end it all and die fighting. Better such an end than to yield up his life amid the loneliness of that dwelling.

Piling all the ammunition under the window which was situated directly beneath the tower, and loading every musket and rifle, a savage glee took possession of him as he opened the loop-hole.

That which met his gaze temporarily sobered him. The fumes of the liquor were driven from his brain, and he saw clearly the danger which menaced.

On the day when he descended to the kitchen with the intention of remaining until death should come to his release there had been perhaps two hundred apes guarding the dwelling. As he looked forth now, five times as many were to be seen. To count them was impossible; they were as the sands of the sea, and equally silent.

Five days previous these besiegers had gathered only insignificant piles of stones. Now this rude ammunition had increased to such an enormous extent that it formed veritable hills, placed so close one to the other that it was as if an army had been throwing up breastworks, and behind them three men each raised on the shoulders of the other could hardly have looked over the top. The dwelling, instead of commanding a view of the surrounding country, was now so inclosed that he was forced to lift his eyes in order to see the grinning faces which were gazing down upon him. The house no longer stood on an elevation, but in a valley formed by these walls of projectiles.

Just within the edge of the woods, where was yet an open space, two large apes were engaged in a deadly struggle, and Philip watched them for a moment with a sort of savage pleasure, as if delighting in the brutal scene.

Then a delirium of fever seized him once more. He was no longer a reasoning animal, but a brute sunk to the level of those who held him captive.

Without questioning as to what might be gained by such a course, he discharged both barrels of his musket into the crowd of those who had gathered around the combatants, and three fell at the first discharge. Again and again he emptied his weapons, mowing down long lines of apes, but apparently increasing their numbers, for as one fell a dozen sprung to fill his place in the line of battle which was now formed.

In five minutes, where perhaps a hundred had stood, half a thousand were gathered.

Neither were these newcomers idle. It was as if the report of his weapon had been waited for as the signal of a general assault, and in an instant the air was filled with fragments of rocks and stones, until one might have fancied a furious hailstorm was raging. Pelting against the building on all sides came the missiles, doing little damage at first; but it was not possible such a frail structure could long withstand the assault.

Amid the shower of stones were handfuls of sand, as if the latter was thrown by weaker arms; and, accompanied by grunts and shrieks of the besiegers,

the effect can hardly be described. It was deafening, and at the same time horrible.

Maddened by continued drinking of liquor, and also by the terrific din without, Philip kept up a perfect fusillade, until the moment came when his weapons were so choked and heated that it was necessary to pause.

Not for an instant did the apes cease their attack, however. It was as if this silence on the part of the besieged gave them renewed courage, and the splintering of wood from time to time told that some timber had yielded to their repeated assaults.

One would have said that these animals were well skilled in the art of war. They advanced by platoons, discharging a volley and falling back to get more supplies, while fresh troops advanced.

Much as a skillful general might do when his enemy shows signs of weakening, Goliah appeared on the scene at the moment Philip's fusillade ceased, and, urging his followers to greater exertions, flung a heavy, jagged fragment of rock at the window with such force that the shutter was splintered, the pieces which fell inside knocking Philip to the floor.

This was the first evidence of what might be accomplished by such a bombardment, and through this rent in the wall came showers of stones, until the room was partially filled.

Philip was dazed for the moment by the fragments of wood; but he sprung to his feet on regaining consciousness, and once more opened fire, this time from another window. Such a fearful storm

of projectiles rained into the room that he would have been killed before one cartridge was exploded had he attempted to fire through the breach.

He no longer heeded the condition of his weapons. One musket was used until the danger of explosion was so imminent as to make it apparent to his disordered mind, and dropping the useless gun he seized another, firing with accurate aim, but never diminishing in the slightest the enemy's vigor.

The second shutter gave way before the fierce assault. He was wounded by the splinters of wood anh fragments of stone. His face was lacerated and several teeth were broken. His hands were bleeding, and the upper portion of his body was bruised and swollen.

The ammunition was becoming exhausted, and he saw with dismay that not only was it impossible to vanquish the enemy unaided, but also that he could not continue the battle a great many hours longer.

Hundreds of cartridges had been used; the shells were strewn so thickly about him that he was forced now and then to stop and kick them away in order to gain a foothold.

Before nightfall two of the muskets had burst in his hands, fortunately without inflicting any serious injury, and he understood that it was necessary to cease hostilities on his side until the remainder of the weapons could be cleaned.

It was when he arrived at this decision that the shades of night began to fall, and never before, to

man, did the going down of the sun give more pleasure.

Darkness settled over the island. The apes ceased their bombardment, and victory was for the time undecided.

As a matter of fact, however, the apes were really the conquerers, since the enemy whose ranks can be continually reinforced must triumph in the end were he a hundred times less clever and brave than his adversary; therefore it is that in battle "might makes right."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

UNTIL this night Philip had fancied that the dwelling would serve him as an impregnable fort; but the result of the first day's battle showed how idle was such belief. It was hardly probable the building would withstand another attack, and he who had flattered himself that he was safe as long as he remained indoors understood how shelterless he would be after four or five hours more of stone-throwing.

The knowledge of such imminent danger had a beneficial effect upon the solitary occupant of Captain Seaworth's house. It cleared the fumes of liquor from his brain, as it were, and left him weaker in body, but mentally better able to comprehend his exact position.

Carrying his weapons, he descended to the kitchen once more, and there the excitement brought on a fever turn, with which came also despair. He was like one in an ague-fit, and after the heat of the melee had subsided—which was not until he had partially cleaned his weapons with wine instead of water—a cold chill took possession of him.

Now a covering of some sort became necessary. It seemed as if he was literally freezing to death,

and with a lighted candle in his hand he rushed frantically upstairs, hoping to find draperies with which to screen his almost naked body, or failing in that, intending to use the light covering of the bed.

Ammunition had become as essential to success as clothing, and again he searched feverishly around the room.

It was while overhauling one of Captain Seaworth's chests that Philip placed his hands on a thick fur which felt soft as silk.

Delighted at the discovery he examined it closely, and found that it was the entire hide of an animal similar to those by whom he was besieged. From its enormous size he became convinced it was the coat of the gigantic mandrill killed by the captain—the same brute whose skeleton, hanging in the mimosas, had caused him so much surprise as well as fear.

With the exception of a slit in the stomach the hide had been taken off entire, and, shrunken somewhat during the process of drying, it fitted Philip as well as if it were made by an expert furrier.

Through the opening in the front he inserted his body, as does a boy who puts on one of those peculiar night-gowns made to cover each limb; and in order that none of the warmth so necessary just then should escape, he laced up the aperture with a piece of string. Pulling the top of the hide over his head, he had cap, coat and trousers of the same material, all fitting like a glove, and warm enough to withstand the rigors of an Arctic winter.

When his toilet was completed he looked at himself in the glass, but immediately drew back with a cry of alarm.

His brown skin, thin cheeks and parched lips, which allowed his teeth to be seen, his prominent cheek-bones, disheveled hair, together with eyes hollow and restless, because of the fever, caused him to look exactly like the ape whose garment he was wearing.

It would hardly be possible to imagine a more striking resemblance, and Philip himself was decidedly troubled. It seemed as if he had descended, both in body and mind, to the level of his enemies.

There was warmth in this garment, however, and with it came a return of the fever. At all events, it is better to say his subsequent movements were caused by the fire in his blood than to fancy for a single moment that the skin of the animal had such an effect as to make him leap over the chairs or tables in the same fashion as its original owner might have done.

He was transformed into an ape in appearance, and one could fancy this had unsettled his mind, for many moments elapsed before he resumed the bearing of a human being.

Then he descended to the kitchen, spread for himself a repast composed of delicacies which had become distasteful, and forced himself to eat until the generous food caused the fever to subside somewhat.

The sight of his fur-covered arms almost frightened him, and not for all the treasure in the subter-

ranean chambers would he have taken another glance at the glass, lest his own identity be forgotten in the belief that he had become one of that species in whose education he formerly felt so much interest.

His mind was a curious mixture of fancies and realities, all so strangely interwoven that it seemed more like some hideous nightmare than the events of life.

Not until nearly daybreak did he fall into an uneasy slumber, which brought with it representations of every specimen of the monkey-tribe, and on awakening shortly after sunrise he felt as weary as if sleep had long been a stranger to his eyelids.

It was necessary he should be at his post of duty when the battle was opened once more, as it undoubtedly soon would be, and with his weapons in but little better condition than on the previous day he went into the room above, stationing himself at the corner window opposite the one which had been demolished.

This time it was the besiegers, not the besieged, who began the attack. Philip had hardly opened the loop-hole when showers of stones fell, and before he had time even to discharge a weapon a large portion of the front wall and roof collapsed under the weight of missiles, thus contracting his place of refuge to less than half its original size.

Realizing that he must check, if possible, this furious attack, lest the building be utterly demolished and he crushed to death amid the ruins, Philip began to fire with the utmost rapidity. Dur-

ing the next hour he sent shot after shot at intervals of not more than ten or fifteen seconds, but with no better result than before. It is true he could see an ape fall at every discharge, but his enemies were so numerous that the gaps were immediately closed with soldierly precision, and when fifty rounds had been fired it seemed as if the numbers of the besiegers increased rather than diminished.

Now and then a crash could be heard, telling that some portion of the building had fallen, and it seemed hardly probable he would be able to continue the struggle an hour longer.

Even though he might succeed in so far husbanding his strength as to keep up the firing indefinitely, his weapons would soon cease to be of service. Already was he reduced to one musket, the barrel of which was so hot as to burn his hands, and it was only a question of a few moments before he would be defenceless.

He could see Goliah leaping from point to point as he urged his followers to greater exertions, and never once remaining in one position long enough to serve as a fair target.

The rocks fell like rain in a summer shower, and at the expiration of a quarter of an hour the last remaining musket was so choked as to be useless. The entire front of the house gave way. The floor of the chamber swayed to and fro like the branches of a tree in a storm, and it was only by clutching at the window-casings that he saved himself from being precipitated into the road.

He could feel the building crumbling beneath his feet, and it now remained for him to accept one of the two alternatives. He must stay where he was, knowing he would soon be crushed under the fragments of the dwelling, or leap into the midst of the savage brutes who were maddened by thought of victory, and there die like a man.

On a shelf near by was a dagger, perhaps the very weapon the Malays had left sticking in the sand, and beside it lay his revolver, which he had discarded when the battle first began, believing it too small to be of any real service.

These two he seized, one in each hand, and mentally nerving himself for the death which he fancied must come immediately, he leaped through the rent in the walls, alighting on his feet in the road half a dozen paces from the vindictive Goliah.

In his mind there was not the slightest thought that it would be possible to escape a painful death. His only idea was to die while fighting, rather than submit to capture and such torture as the apes could probaby devise.

Therefore it is not to be wondered at that an astonishment amounting almost to bewilderment seized upon him when the army, instead of making a deadly assault, dropped their weapons, drew back with every show of respect and even terror, and then bent before him as if trying to assume the most humble positions.

The leaders of the troop, who a few moments previous had been so eager to encompass his death,



The front of the house gave way under the shower of stones thrown at Philip by the monkeys.—(See page 191.)

now literally cringed before Philip like whipped curs, and with Goliah at their head gathered around, fawning and caressing, while Philip stood as if stupefied; and in fact only that word would explain his mental condition.

The entire army crouched around him, some licking his hands, others his feet, and all showing in every possible way delight and abasement. Not a gesture of anger was made, and every head was bowed in evident respect.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before the bewildered Philip had so far gained the mastery over himself as to form the slightest conjecture of the reason for this sudden change in the behavior of his enemies, and then like a flash of light came into his mind the thought that in the mandrill's skin he was mistaken for the gigantic ape whom Captain Seaworth had suspected was the leader of all the apes on the island.

From the bearing of those who had so lately bent every energy to kill him there could be no doubt but that he was safe, and his salvation was due only to the fact that in him the army recognized an ape, or rather the king of apes.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEW KING.

WHILE Philip stood silent and motionless, trying to realize all that the position of a leader of apes might signify, and speculating as to whether it would be possible for him to carry out the part designated by his brute companions, the animals were literally walking over each other in their efforts to show allegiance or to give proof of joy at his return.

Philip's first official act was to study closely the countenances of those nearest, to discover if they were perplexed or suspicious because he did not answer their chattering.

The owner of Philip's skin must have been a quiet sort of fellow and one who was not given to conversation, for his delighted subjects appeared to think there was nothing strange in this silence of their king after so long an absence.

Goliah appeared to be the only member of the party who was not delighted at the sudden turn which affairs had taken; and this was but natural, since it could hardly be expected that a despot will "step down and out" from his high position without showing some signs of sorrow at relinquishing

his authority. He accepted the inevitable with remarkably good grace, however, even going so far as to seem pleased at seeing the rightful king come to his own once more.

This was the source of no slight relief to Philip. Had the big baboon attempted to incite a rebellion, it is barely possible that he who had so suddenly discovered himself a monarch would be deposed, for with treason in the camp he would be at the mercy of the conspirators, since, not understanding the language of the realm, he could not employ spies, and his downfall might be even more sudden than his elevation.

But, as has been said, Goliah bore with wonderful equanimity the loss of his crown, and at once installed himself in the office of adviser or member of the privy council, which position one of the slain had probably held prior to the king's sudden disappearance.

Understanding that not only his high dignities but his life depended upon the naturalness with which he wore the borrowed skin, Philip endeavored to ape the apes, exerting himself to leap about in the most fantastic manner, as he had seen Goliah do during his reign, and, singular as it may seem, his antics were greeted with the most vociferous applause.

The only difficulty he experienced in transforming himself into a brute was his inability to wave the tail back and forth, expressive of pleasure or disapprobation, and his first edict was promulgated

privately for his own benefit, to the effect that he must never turn his back upon his courtiers.

It was fully two hours before the delighted throng had finished showing their pleasure at the monarch's return, and then the crowd gave way sufficiently for him to set out, accompanied by the courtiers and a long train of attendants, to make a general inspection of the one town in his kingdom.

In the hour of his prosperity—if one can be called prosperous who has suddenly been transformed into an ape—Philip did not forget the debt of gratitude he owed the chimpanzee, but immediately directed his steps toward the rear of the buildings, where the unfortunate Ben Bolt still languished behind prison-bars.

As the vast assembly arrived in front of the iron cage on the floor of which lay the poor captive whose only crime consisted in having incurred the displeasure of the vicious Goliah, Alice, who was trying to console the unfortunate chimpanzee as best she could from the outside, darted back in affright, believing the time had come when her mate was to be sacrificed to the vengeance of the baboon.

Even she did not recognize the animal-trainer in his new character; but she evidently had kindly remembrances of him who formerly owned Philip's skin, for instead of continuing her flight she halted at the edge of the thicket until a gesture from the new king brought her to the bars of the cage once more.

Philip lost no time in unfastening the bolts, and,

reassuring the captive as best he could by dumb show, led him forth to where Alice stood, awaiting in painful uncertainty the result of this sudden change of affairs.

Goliah understood even before the chimpanzee did that they were free to go wheresoever they pleased, and he gave vent to low cries of rage and despair as he saw the two walk away paw in paw, the happiest-looking monkeys in the kingdom.

Even then the deposed ruler did not show the least sign of insubordination; he accepted what was to him the inevitable with becoming resignation, save for the hoarse cries he uttered.

It is not to be wondered at that after this simple act of justice had been done, Philip was wholly at a loss to know how to comport himself in accordance with his dignity. To move even the short distance of a yard without his numerous train of followers was impossible. His life had been spared only at the expense of becoming thoroughly an ape, and it was necessary to play well the part assigned him, until such time as friendly members of his own race should land upon the island.

The thought that Captain Seaworth might succeed in regaining his liberty and return with the colonists was the only thing that sustained him in this trying position. With hands clasped behind his back in a very un-apish attitude, he walked slowly toward his late place of refuge, followed by thousands of his monkey-subjects, all moving as if plunged in the deepest reflection.

Arriving at the ruins of the building he seated himself upon the fragments of some timber, trying to decide what his future course of action should be, and the crowd gathered silently around with the utmost show of respect.

While sitting here it was but natural that Philip's thoughts should revert to the battle so lately and singularly ended, and he looked about him for the bodies of the slain.

Surely hundreds had fallen under his well-directed and continuous fire, but yet not a single corpse was to be seen. Search with his eyes where he would, it was as if the besiegers had suffered no loss whatever; and the reason for such a state of affairs he was not long in divining.

The apes had buried their comrades!

This newly-acquired knowledge led up to a subject which troubled Philip seriously. If any of his devoted followers should chance to discover the skeleton hanging in the mimosas, would they not recognize it as the frame of their former king, and thus be in a position to brand the present monarch as an impostor? Inasmuch as all their dead were consigned to the earth, it would be known at once that this ape had been killed before the appearance of the shipwrecked youth on the island. He already had sufficient proof of their reasoning powers to believe they would readily divine the meaning of the sinister mimosa fruit, more especially since it undoubtedly hung in the same thicket where they saw their king fall.

It was necessary to put an end to this possible embarrassment at the very beginning of his reign; but how could it be done? One may think it would be a simple matter to bury the bones near where they were now hanging. Such a plan could indeed have been carried into execution with the greatest facility when Philip was the shipwrecked animal-trainer; but now that he had become king of the island, and was surrounded by hundreds of followers, it was an extremely difficult project, since upon the secrecy of the movement depended its success.

"At all events," Philip said to himself, "it is useless for me to think of stealing away unobserved just now. I must await an opportunity, and trust to the chapter of accidents that my predecessor's bones may not be discovered meanwhile."

As he thus put from his mind this unpleasant contingency, the desire for water, which had been so intense during the past five days, returned with redoubled force, and for the first time did his kingly dignity seem a boon. Now he could quench his thirst with what he pleased, and his followers might exhaust the cupboard of its supply of liquor without his being tempted to partake of a single drop.

Making his way with difficulty through the ruined building he proceeded to the court-yard, and, kneeling at the fountain of crystal water, drank until it seemed as if his thirst would never be satiated, while his subjects, deeming it their duty to do as he did, filled themselves with the cool beverage at im-

minent danger of bursting, through their excess of loyal devotion.

After this had been done Philip felt the need of rest, and, lying on the greensward under shelter of the awning, prepared to go to sleep.

It was a singular spectacle that met his gaze as he raised himself on one elbow to make sure the apes had not found their way into the kitchen. The entire court-yard and veranda were covered with the recumbent forms of the monkeys, none of whom were probably very sleepy, but all bent on following their king's example ; and in attempting to do this it was necessary to pile themselves on top of each other like sardines in a box.

Although the bed was large it was uncomfortably full, and the unpleasant thought came into Philip's mind that while remaining upon the island he would probably have the same number of bedfellows every night.

The strangeness of the situation, however, did not prevent him from closing his eyes in slumber, and this blissful unconsciousness might have continued until daybreak had it not been for a decided interruption in the shape of a tropical tempest, which came upon them in all its fury just before midnight.

In an instant the court-yard was a scene of the greatest confusion as the crowd of apes tried to gain shelter in the adjoining buildings, and during ing the confusion the king's dignity was completely forgotten.

Even had the main building been intact it would

not have sufficed to shelter one-fourth of the party, and, half-ruined as it was, only comparatively few could find in it a refuge from the rain which poured down in torrents.

As a matter of course this obliged the majority of the troop to flee toward the other cottages, and they ran in every direction with apparently not a thought of their recently-returned king. There was no one, however insignificant, who would pause in that tempest to do homage to the monarch, and in a very few seconds the court-yard was so nearly deserted that the king was virtually alone.

This was the opportunity for which Philip had longed, and, perhaps fortunately for him, it had come thus quickly. Now he could steal away unobserved, and bury what might not inaptly be termed his own bones.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A KINGLY GRAVE-DIGGER.

PHILIP had no very clear idea of where the skeleton was hanging. As is already known, he had accidentally come upon it during his journey from the beach; therefore the mimosas with the sinister-looking fruit were in a southerly direction from the village, but of more than that he was ignorant.

To find this spot in the night, and during the violent tempest, seemed an impossible task; but yet it must be attempted despite every danger, because such an opportunity might not present itself again for many days.

He made his way out through the ruined building, while his followers scampered in every direction to shelter their bodies from the rain (for a monkey is proverbially afraid of water), and crossed the road into the thicket without being perceived by any of the startled crowd.

There was not the slightest danger of meeting with one of his subjects during the journey unless the tempest should cease suddenly and Goliah send messengers in search of him; therefore he walked fearlessly forward after stopping behind the breastworks thrown up during the battle to arm himself

with a stout stick, which would serve as a shovel in the task of grave-digging.

The rain descended in torrents. The wind howled and shrieked among the trees, bending them almost to the earth, or here and there uprooting some sturdy fellow who refused to bow his crest before the storm, while fragments of branches, falling in every direction, threatened destruction to the reckless traveler. The lightning-flashes which darted across the entire horizon, illuminating during a few seconds the thicket as with the glare of the noonday sun, served oftentimes to disclose danger in his path, and it was only from the frequency of these bolts of light that he was enabled to make his way with any knowledge of direction.

His own skin was dry, although that of his assumed character was heavy with water, and, save for the fatigue of rapid walking, he was even more comfortable than he would have been in a close room surrounded by his animal followers. The knowledge that he had left the apes behind served to arouse a feeling of exultation, and he bounded forward like a prisoner who suddenly sees the road to liberty open before him when he had fancied his term of confinement not yet half ended.

Each time the electric flash came he looked around eagerly in search of the mimosas, and more than once did he mistakenly believe he had arrived at the end of his journey.

The storm was still raging furiously when he finally found that for which he sought.

Fully two minutes had passed without lightning, and then, as a terrific peal of thunder was followed by a violent blaze, he saw directly before him, swaying to and fro in the wind, the bones of himself—or of his predecessor, whichever may be the correct term.

As a certain well-known author has said: "Man has three distinct characters. Himself as God knows him, himself as his fellows know him, and himself as he knows himself." It was this second character which Philip wished to hide, and, under the above proposition, could rightfully be said to be burying his own skeleton.

To dig a grave with a sharpened stick as his only tool was by no means an easy task, since, owing to the enormous size of the mandrill Captain Seaworth had killed, it was necessary to make the excavation fully seven feet long.

He worked, however, as men will when they know their lives depend upon the effort. He threw aside the dark loam with feverish haste, regardless alike of the pitiless rain and the hurtling branches, until, just as the storm ceased and the moon peeped out from among the flying clouds as if for no other purpose than to tint the rattling bones with a most unearthly radiance, the grave was made, and the time had come when the skeleton must be cut down from the branches.

As a matter of course the former king of the island had no trousers pockets, therefore Philip was without a knife; but so strong is instinct that he

attempted several times to insert his hand into the outer skin of his leg before realizing that his new clothes contained no convenient receptacle for tools. The rope by which the skeleton had been suspended was strong and resisted all his efforts to break it. It was necessary to ascend the tree and untie the halter, after which the well-dried anatomy fell to the ground with a clatter such as the end-man in a minstrel-show makes when he wishes to excite the greatest possible applause.

It was necessary to work now with the utmost haste, for, the tempest having ceased, it was more than probable his followers would soon come in pursuit, and Philip interred his skeleton with all possible speed, trampling the earth down until convinced that only the most careful scrutiny could reveal his secret.

Then he retraced his steps as best he could; but more than once did he deviate from the proper course, and the result of these involuntary detours was that day had already begun to break when he arrived within sight of the village.

Here was the loyalty of his subjects made manifest once more. Every individual ape had been looking for his king, occupying the piles of stones or roofs of houses as points of vantage, and when Philip appeared from the thicket a howl of joy went up which seemed to shake the very island.

During five hours the animal-trainer had been a man, but now he was an ape again, so to remain until rescuers should arrive or he be tempted to

steal out once more under the friendly cover of a tempest.

Of course the first step which either king or peasant would naturally take after morning dawned was to procure breakfast, and Philip realized how necessary such a course was from the faintness which seized upon him after his arduous labors.

To enter the kitchen and there satisfy his hunger would be to squander all the provisions stored in the cupboards, for his subjects would make short work of Captain Seaworth's dainties. Therefore, with a view of saving the stock for an emergency, Philip led the way, followed by hundreds of grinning, chattering, frolicsome monkeys, to the banana plantation, where all were soon busily engaged hunting for the yellow fruit.

It was Goliah himself who assumed the task of providing the king with food, and when the party had eaten their fill Philip led them back to the village, where for some moments he stood undecided as to how he should further comport himself.

To roam about the forest with such a band might be to excite the gravest suspicions in the minds of his subjects because of his inability to climb a tree or to swing himself from the branches by the aid of his tail; therefore it was necessary he should, so far as possible, remain in the settlement.

The sight of the ruined buildings, in front of which were the enormous piles of stones thrown up as breastworks, gave him a desire to see these habitations restored to their former appearance, and

the thought came that it would not be a long task to raise houses on the same plan, with walls formed of the ammunition gathered by the apes.

It hardly seemed probable the long-tailed subjects could be made to act the part of builders, but they would serve to carry the materials from one point to another, and he resolved to set about the work of reconstructing the settlement as a pleasant and profitable way of spending his time.

To this end he began to drag away the splintered timbers, and instantly a thousand pairs of hands were at work following his example, until all the debris had been removed from the proposed site of the building. That which would have required a week of his time was done in an hour, and the amateur architect understood that his labors might yet be crowned with success.

Then he placed some of the larger stones on such a line as he intended the walls should be erected upon. Instantly every ape on the island was seized with a mania for building, laboring with such a will that it required all his efforts to restrain what was misdirected zeal, otherwise a wall like that of China might have been put up, provided there had been sufficient materials at hand.

It was necessary he should find something which would serve as mortar; and to that end, as soon as he could control his too willing subjects he searched the store-houses until to his great joy he found at least twenty barrels of plaster, which Captain Seaworth had brought in case it might be needed for just such a purpose.

To have these heavy barrels conveyed to the scene of operations it was only necessary for Philip to roll one, when the whole twenty came out like horses on a race-track; and as he began to open the plaster and mix it with water, so did they.

Seized with a rage for building, they made mortar, broke stone, ran here and there, and assisted Philip until the entire party were whitened with plaster from the ends of their flattened noses to their toes, causing them to look like veritable workmen with white over-garments; but, unlike other workmen, they neither insisted that eight hours made up a full day's work, nor did they idle away valuable time in frivolous conversation.

Before the day was half spent Philip began to experience the disagreeable consequences of his midnight journey in the rain. His predecessor's hide had been thoroughly soaked during the labor of grave-digging, and now that the sun sent down his hottest rays the skin began to shrink, aided by the heat of his body and the warmth of the atmosphere, until it inclosed him as if in a case of iron. Struggle as he might, it was impossible to stretch the stout hide by any motion of his body, and the cold perspiration gathered on his forehead as he realized what the position of affairs would be in case the tightly-fitting garment should burst asunder.

He no longer dared to make any movement, but stood erect with an expression of anxiety on his face; and, true to their habits of mimicry, his subjects did the same until Philip could not resist

the inclination to laugh aloud as the thought presented itself that it would be ridiculous, indeed, if every member of the party were also waiting with the same anxiety to ascertain whether or no his own skin was about to split.

When he burst forth in uncontrollable laughter the entire army of laborers did the same until the air resounded with their cries, and once more was Philip forced to exercise the greatest caution lest even his own mirth should hasten the catastrophe he so greatly feared.

Fortunately, however, his predecessor's hide was now fully shrunken, and although it fitted him quite as tightly as did his own skin, he had every reason to believe it would remain intact unless he should be so careless as to make some violent exertion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

IT WAS only during such times as the work could be pursued that Philip had any relief of mind, despite his kingly dignities. When, by example, he intimated that the labors of the day might cease, his subjects expected him to play the part of ape as heartily as they had enacted the role of laborers, and in order to preserve his life he was forced to comply with these wishes.

Holding a court-martial, for the purpose of trying and sentencing alleged offenders, was the greatest delight of the long-tailed inhabitants, and once each day Philip was obliged to sit in solemn state, surrounded by his lieutenants, while the number of supposed culprits brought before him was always sufficient to furnish the brute dignitaries with the spectacle of a wholesale flogging.

If any of the party were found idle during working-hours they were certain of being brought up for judgment, and this fact probably accounted for the great zeal displayed whenever an example was set before them.

At these mock trials Philip remained silent, since it would have been impossible for his subjects to understand any decision he might render; and Goliah

took upon himself the duties of judge, looking up now and then at the king, as if to make certain he was not assuming too much power.

After the judicial session was ended the monkeys would separate, forming bands of two or three hundred, each to go in search of food, and during such excursions Philip oftentimes found an opportunity to gain the kitchen unobserved, thus being able to vary the ordinary bill of fare by some of the dainties which had been so distasteful while he was a prisoner in the building. Never once, however, was he tempted to drink any of the wine. The remembrance of the days when he so ardently wished for water, but was unable to procure it, taught him the strictest temperance principles.

Every morning the apes held what might be called a grand military review, the entire body marching in front of the building occupied by their king. Philip, and those who attached themselves to his person as a sort of body-guard or staff, reviewed the troops with the utmost gravity, after which each ape executed marvelous monkey-maneuvers in the shape of ground and lofty tumbling, in which it was expected the king would take an active part.

It was at the first of these parades that Philip understood what was demanded of a monarch. After the main body of the party had turned somersaults or handsprings all eyes were directed at him, and words were not needed to let him know he should perform the same antics.

This opportunity of allowing the king to display

his agility was never lost, and after the first exhibition Philip looked forward with fear and trembling to the moment when he must, before the assembled army, go through such contortions as would have put a professional acrobat to shame.

His method of life, as well as his costume, fitted him to a certain extent for these extraordinary antics, and while he did not succeed in performing them with the skill and agility displayed by his subjects, there were plenty of flatterers near at hand to lavish praise upon him as if he had outdone them all.

And now must be told that which may seem improbable.

Eager for labor, because it brought him relief from close communication with his followers, Philip set systematically at work, not only repairing the buildings, but laying out roads from one side of the island to the other; and this he accomplished with no more assistance than that afforded by the long-tailed inhabitants.

In less than one month the buildings which had been destroyed were rebuilt in the most substantial manner with walls of stone. Two or three additional dwellings were constructed later, and four splendid roads running north, south, east and west, from the village to the sea, were opened.

That which would have taken a small army of laborers many months to accomplish was completed by the apes in a little more than three weeks. It was only necessary for Philip to begin felling trees

on the right and left of the four lines representing the routes to be opened through the thicket, when hundreds of pairs of hands were at work pulling up the underbrush, tearing down shrubs, and chopping at the tree-trunks with as many axes as could be found in the store-room.

During this work in the forest Philip had ample opportunity of noting the immense number and variety of spiders and lizards which were to be found on the island.

It was a positive pleasure for him to watch the little jumping spiders, which were of such brilliant hue that they looked like animated gems as they sprung from bough to bough. The web-spinning species were not only very numerous, but caused the greatest annoyance. They stretched their webs from one tree to another at such a height as to come in contact with a man's chin, and the threads were so strong and glutinous as to require no slight amount of trouble to free one's self from them. These fellows were fully two inches long, with yellow spots on their brown bodies, which gave them a very disagreeable appearance.

The apes paid little or no attention to these pests; but Philip could never conquer his aversion to the fat-bellied insects, and more than once did he make a long detour rather than run the risk of an encounter.

As for the lizards, it seemed as if every bush was alive with them. They were of all shades—green, gray, brown and black; and even Goliah, who de-

lighted in cruelty, never so much as harmed one of these active little hunters, all of whom were busily engaged catching the flies and mosquitoes, for without such a check to the increase of insect-life the island would speedily have become uninhabitable.

The work was carried steadily forward, however, despite all annoyances, and in three weeks from the time Philip Garland became king of the apes it was possible to sit in the rebuilt tower of the principal dwelling and view the sea from four different points. Therefore, in case a vessel approached the island the king would have such timely notice of her coming that any signal might be made. It would simply be necessary to start a small fire on the beach to have it built to the height of a mountain by the industrious apes.

Only in the hope of relief coming from the sea did Philip succeed in nerving himself to play the part of a brute. If he could have had a companion with whom to converse, his position would have lost many horrors; but to be surrounded by apes was worse than being alone, and, next to the arrival of human beings, perfect solitude was the greatest boon which could have been granted him.

During the labor of road-making Philip noticed that now and then a party of apes would leave the working portion of the army and absent themselves two or three hours, bringing at the end of that time what appeared, both from shape and size, to be hens' eggs. These were evidently considered a great delicacy by the apes, and the searchers invari-

ably handed one to the king and each of his officers before partaking themselves.

To make any attempt at cooking them would have given the apes the idea of building innumerable small fires, which might soon have consumed all the vegetation on the island, and Philip ate his raw, as did the others. He fancied that some of the colonists' poultry might have escaped destruction, and so eager was he to learn where this article of food could be found that on seeing a certain number of apes abandon their labors, under Goliah's direction, he followed. The party went directly to the sea-shore, and there, just above high-water mark, where a turtle would naturally make her nest, were found little piles of sand, in each of which was a single egg.

It was some time before Philip learned that these tiny hills were the nests of a bird known to naturalists as the "Maleo."

A few days later he saw a glossy black and white bird with helmeted head and elevated tail—not unlike a common fowl, except that the bonnet and the tubercles at the nostrils were longer—scraping the sand into little mounds, and he knew the rare species was before him.

Some months subsequent to this Philip learned that after the maleo thus deposits her eggs she follows the example of the turtle, and pays no further attention to her nest. The sun does the work of maternity, and the young chicks are able to take care of themselves on emerging from the shell.

When all the contemplated work had been finished, Philip was at a loss to know how he should employ the large number of his subjects, in order to free himself as much as possible from their fawning companionship.

He would have built an observatory on the summit of the extinct volcano but for the fact that the supply of plaster had already been used in remodeling the buildings, and it was impossible to quarry rocks of such size that they would be held together by their own weight.

The readiness with which his subjects copied every movement caused him to believe it might be possible in the near future, unaided by human beings, to continue the work already begun on the plantation—provided, of course, he was not molested by the pirates. This idea came into his mind one day when they were near the base of the volcanic mountain, and he saw what at first glance appeared to be a peach-tree.

It was from twenty to thirty feet high, with glossy green leaves, and bearing small, yellowish flowers at the same time that ripe fruit, not unlike a peach in size and color, hung upon its branches.

Up to this moment he had supposed an orange was the only tree which blossomed while the fruit was ripening, and this singular fact showed him the mistake made in believing it to be a peach-tree.

Picking one of these luscious-looking apples, he found it of a tough, fleshy consistency, partially split open, and showing within a dark brown nut covered with crimson mace. It was a nutmeg.

As Philip well knew, the Dutch Government had relinquished its monopoly of the nutmeg trade in these seas, and he speculated, despite the amount of gold stored in the cavern, whether it would not he possible, with the aid of his long-tailed subjects, to make of this fruitful island one vast plantation of nutmegs, which would be a source of wealth greater even than the bed of the stream could produce.

Although king of apes, he had the natural desire of man to increase his possessions, and for a time his fancy painted most gorgeous and alluring pictures of what might be done if the energies of the monkeys could be directed into the proper channel.

It was only when he realized the mischievous propensities of the apes that he decided against this pleasant dream. It was hardly probable he could restrain them from destroying even fruit which was not palatable; and he finally confessed to himself, with a sigh, that however absolute his power, any attempt to change the nature of his subjects would be useless.

During the one day of rest in which he allowed his followers to indulge he had been forced to make such a display of his supposed apish powers as thoroughly exhausted him, and, as the only means of utilizing the superfluous energies of the army, he set about exploring more carefully the island.

As may be supposed, his first step was to examine the little harbor where the pirates had left their sinister warning and in which the Reynard had been anchored. This was done in the hope of dis-

covering something that would show under what circumstances the colonists had embarked.

So far as gaining information was concerned he succeeded; but it was anything rather than satisfactory.

Two buoys floating on the water showed that the anchor had not been weighed. The cables were slipped when the Reynard sailed, and this fact convinced Philip that the pirates had left the bay with all possible speed, believing the apes were reinforcements of men.

This confirmation of his previous theories was a sad blow to the lonely youth, who had secretly hoped he might have arrived at a false conclusion when first studying the matter; but it was not long he mourned because of his friends' untimely fate, for before that day came to an end he had grave cause for fear concerning his own immediate safety.

It was on his return from the journey to the seashore that Philip had an opportunity of seeing how wonderfully Nature provides for the wants of man.

He, accompanied by Goliah and followed by the entire army, marched through the dense thickets, where not one breath from the sea could penetrate to dispel the stifling heat, until the desire for water was almost overpowering. In the hope that the huge baboon might know of a spring near by, Philip gave evidence of intolerable thirst by pointing to his mouth and making gestures as if drinking.

Goliah was equal to the emergency. Walking on a few paces he stopped before a half-vine, half-shrub,

which partially clung to the trunk of a tree and bore huge, bulb-like flowers, shaped something after the fashion of a pitcher. At the top was a petal which covered an aperture capable of holding at least half a pint; and tearing this off, the baboon presented to his king a flagon of water which, although slightly warm, was as palatable as if it had just been taken from a spring.

This was Philip's first introduction to the "pitcher-plant," and many times afterward did he quench his thirst from these natural reservoirs.

The exploring party returned to the village early in the afternoon. The king, wearied by the long walk, seated himself near the veranda of the royal residence, while Goliah, arrogating to himself the high office of commander-in-chief, called out the troops for a second review.

Philip could not refuse to witness the evolutions nor to take part himself, and his fatigue was so great that he was even more awkward than usual.

While cutting the most solemn caper, which was accepted by the apes as a formal military salute, he heard a slight noise immediately in the rear, and an instant later the loosening of his single garment of skin told what a disaster had befallen him.

The hide was split at that place where it had been most used by its former owner as well as by Philip, and unless it should be possible to regain the dwelling without turning his back to the troops the most disastrous consequences might ensue.

Beads of perspiration stood on Philip's brow as

he retreated to a gigantic bamboo, where it was possible to hide temporarily what the apes might have considered something more than an accident; and during the remainder of the review he stood stiff and upright, while his staff-officers gazed at him in astonishment which was not mute, because of the chattering they indulged in among themselves.

Philip understood that the first breath of suspicion had fallen upon him, and instinctively he looked around for a weapon, knowing that Goliah would not be slow to take advantage of any opportunity to regain the crown.

A stout piece of bamboo, which had been used during the parade in lieu of a sword by one of the officers, lay upon the ground where Philip could reach it without exposing the fracture in his garments, and seizing this he stood on guard, fully determined to defend himself, even to the death, in case his counselors or Goliah should insist on his taking part in the maneuvers. That he would fall a victim to their wrath the instant the deception was made known by the rent was unquestionable; but his kingly dignity might prevent the greater number of his subjects from crowding too near.

In a suspiciously friendly manner Goliah motioned him, when the troops were drawn up for the royal salute, to advance and go through the ridiculous antics which he had formerly executed on such occasions.

Philip placed his hand on his head, and then on his stomach, as if to show that he was suffering from

pain. Although the other members of his privy counsel appeared satisfied with such an explanation, the huge baboon displayed the most lively curiosity. He walked entirely around the king and the tree against which the latter leaned, but at a respectful distance, and then, returning, once more invited the monarch to salute the soldiers.

Again was the pantomime repeated, and, understanding this controversy could not long continue, Philip motioned for the troops to resume their march. He was well aware that because of Goliah's maneuvres very many had grown distrustful; but it was something which could not have been prevented, and his safety lay in reaching the house.

Owing to Goliah's interference, however, the parade was not dismissed as quickly as under other and more pleasant circumstances. The troops marched and countermarched, directed by the baboon, until it seemed to the king, whose royal robe was shrinking rapidly, that the pageant would never end.

The fifteen minutes which passed after his refusal to salute seemed like so many hours; but the soldiers were finally dismissed, and by a series of the most extraordinary maneuvers Philip succeeded in reaching the veranda of his dwelling hardly more alive than dead, while clustered around him, with anxiety or curiosity written on every face, was a vast throng of apes, foremost among whom stood Goliah, glaring in the most suspicious manner, as if he fully understood the cause of the king's discomfiture.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A ROYAL INVALID.

THE KING of the apes was a voluntary prisoner for a second time.

On gaining the building he shut the door in the faces of his anxious and suspicious subjects and betook himself once more to the second-story room, from the windows of which he had previously waged battle against the apes.

This apartment, like all others in the house, had been remodeled, and, thanks to the energy of his subjects, was in a better condition to withstand a siege than when he first entered it. During all his labor he had kept ever in mind the thought that at some future time it might be necessary to have a place of refuge, and to this end he restored the rooms to their original condition and location, thus giving him, as before, free range from the kitchen to what had been Captain Seaworth's office.

It is true the doors were no stronger than before, and should the apes select either one of them as a distinct point of attack, it might soon be battered down. Against such an event he could take no precautions, but trusted that, should another battle ensue, the missiles would be thrown with the same

absence of studied aim as had been previously displayed.

Arriving in this corner apartment, Philip threw himself in Captain Seaworth's chair disheartened and almost weary of life, even though he was trying to devise some plan for prolonging it.

Without having recourse to a mirror, he knew exactly how large was the rent in his predecessor's skin and the difficulties he would have in repairing it. Had it been possible to present himself boldly before his subjects he might have searched in the other houses of the village and probably found needles and thread to repair the damage; but now that he could show no more than his face, such an opportunity for benefiting himself was out of the question.

Mechanically he looked about him, although every article in the room was familiar, and perhaps he had opened the desk for at least the twentieth time, when his eyes fell upon a piece of string.

It was what he most needed, and with it the rent made by "envious fortune" might possibly be repaired.

Taking off the hide carefully and with considerable difficulty, he found that it had been split from just below the jointure of the tail to a distance of fully twelve inches straight up the back, and of course in that particular place his body would serve to make the opening greater.

It was necessary to close it as nearly as possible, and with a splinter of wood as an awl with which

to puncture the hide, he finally succeeded in lacing it up like a shoe.

The job was anything rather than satisfactory. The nearest-sighted ape on the island would have perceived at once that there was something the matter with the king's back, and so familiar were Philip's subjects with their monarch, there could be no question about their immediately investigating the cause of his singular appearance. Once curiosity was aroused in this direction the secret must be exposed within a very few moments, and he knew that his life would be spared only so long as he succeeded in keeping the apes at a proper distance.

One can readily imagine his condition of mind when he put on, probably for the last time, the dress of skin which had brought him such questionable honors and might now prove to be the immediate cause of his death. He could well say "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" when only the face should be seen by the subjects.

Goliah's suspicions were undoubtedly aroused, and beyond a question he would be the first, under the guise of excessive loyalty, to discover why the military review had been brought to such an abrupt termination. Therefore Philip understood that unless he could remain in a sitting posture during the balance of his reign, discovery of his false character was certain, and also that under no circumstances must his followers be allowed to approach him.

The entire night was passed in these gloomy re-

flections, and when the first gray light of dawn appeared in the sky the chattering of apes under his window told Philip that his followers had come to learn the cause of his sudden indisposition.

That they would remain until he showed himself was absolutely positive, and without opening the door he stepped from the window to the balcony as a great howl of joy went up from the assembled throng. They danced and cut capers as if imploring the king to come down, and at the risk of disarranging his very tender hide he was obliged to show them many a royal caper before their anxious solicitude could be stilled in the slightest degree.

Even after he had executed these dangerous maneuvers, for fully half an hour did they refuse to be satisfied, and he had good reason to deplore what probably no other king ever did—the intense affection of his subjects.

Now and then some very zealous monkey clambered up on the balcony to make sure the monarch was not deceiving them as to the state of his health, but at a gesture from him the animal would leap back among the crowd ; and when Philip felt certain the lacing of his hide could no longer withstand the strain he retreated into the room, taking good care to close the window behind him.

That this voluntary imprisonment could not be continued many days he understood before another hour passed. The number of those who were eager to ascertain the exact condition of their monarch's health increased each moment, and in the absence of

a court physician who could issue regular bulletins regarding the patient it was necessary Philip should show himself on the balcony several times during the afternoon, otherwise the building might have been attacked again.

As a matter of course, he was forced on every occasion to go through the apish capers which were supposed to display affection for his subjects, and each time a warning rip from behind told that his gestures of love must be moderated, otherwise his hide and his reign would soon be at an end.

During this alternate appearance and disappearance Goliah remained seated among the feathery branches of a palm which grew directly in front of the building, and one could almost fancy he was taking notes, so carefully did he watch every movement of the king, or so eagerly did he peer around when his majesty retreated.

It was hardly to be supposed that the huge baboon would exert himself to prolong a reign which had begun with his own discomfiture, and on his last appearance Philip realized that to again leave the building would be to give Goliah an opportunity of pursuing his investigations to a successful termination.

To repel an attack was no longer possible. During the last battle the ammunition had been so far exhausted that not more than twenty cartridges and one not very serviceable weapon was left. Therefore from force of arms Philip could expect nothing.

That evening the animal-trainer who was playing the part of king in Apeland made one more attempt to restore the symbol of his royalty to its former condition. With infinite care he laced and relaced the rent until he flattered himself it was nearly as well concealed as if done by the most skillful tailor, and putting it on again, decided that he might trust himself even in the presence of Goliah.

His mind was so nearly at ease that he ate a hearty supper from the store of provisions in the kitchen pantry and laid himself down to rest, believing he had secured a yet longer lease to the throne of apedom.

Alas for the vanity of human hopes! Immediately on falling asleep he dreamed he was once more standing before his army, saluting them with mighty leaps and wonderful contortions of body. He awakened to find himself sprawling on the floor, with the hide of his predecessor slit from the jointure of the tail entirely to the neck!

His struggles in dreamland had precipitated the catastrophe. There was not string enough in the building to repair this last rent, even had he been sufficiently skillful to thread it into the partially decayed hide.

To appear in public on the balcony was no longer possible, and he was a king only while he could remain hidden from view. When the least intelligent of his subjects got a glimpse of him his crown was lost, never more to be recovered, and Goliah would reign in his stead—Goliah, from whom he

might expect the most cruel reprisals for the temporary loss of power.

Philip was so certain a cruel fate awaited him that he immediately began to barricade the suite of apartments as thoroughly as possible under the circumstances, and before another morning dawned every movable article of furniture was piled against the doors in the hope that the final moment might be delayed a short time.

Then, retreating to the kitchen, he awaited the inevitable.

From this retired spot he could hear the chattering and howling of his subjects as they assembled once more to make inquiries concerning his health, and he knew beyond a peradventure that not many hours would elapse before they began to force their way into the building.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EXCESSIVE AFFECTION.

PHILIP'S dismal forebodings were destined to be realized within a very short time. If his subjects had been impatient on the day previous because they only saw him on the balcony, they were furious now when the windows and doors remained closed and their king came not forth to greet them.

From his place of refuge he could hear a murmuring sound, as of the waves on the sea-shore; but after an hour passed this had increased to a deafening roar, which was echoed and re-echoed from every portion of the forest until it seemed as if the entire island must be covered with apes searching for their ruler.

Now and then the fugitive could hear a hoarse cry, which arose above the general din, and in it he believed he recognized Goliah's voice. The huge baboon, who had been only suspicious on the day previous, was probably positive now that the king was not all he should be, and was most likely inciting the multitude to open rebellion.

Judging from the events which followed, it was not a hard task to induce these long-tailed subjects to rise in their might, for before noon the attack was begun.

The apes, probably understanding that they could not learn the cause of the king's indisposition and sudden disappearance except by demolishing the building which they themselves had reared, made a furious attack on all four sides at the same moment.

From previous experience Philip knew that in this assault they must necessarily be successful owing to their numbers, and also because it was no longer possible for him to interpose any lengthy resistance; therefore he remained in one corner of the kitchen, with the musket in his hands and the small amount of ammunition in his pocket, resolved to sell his life dearly when the supreme moment should arrive.

Against the sides of the building the heavy missiles rattled like hail; the walls shook under the repeated blows, and now and then the crashing and splintering of roof-timbers told that slowly but surely Philip's place of refuge was being reduced to a ruin.

At rare intervals the bombardment ceased as the entire army burst forth in noisy cries of grief, deafening howls of sympathy, and groans which were intended to be expressive of tenderness.

This mourning for their king was always followed by a more vigorous onslaught, and, as near as Philip could judge, it was about the hour of sunset when the building gave way beneath a shower of rocks. First a heavy crash from above told that the roof had fallen; then the front wall was forced in, probably burying amid its ruins the papers and books of Captain Seaworth, and causing Philip's hiding-place

to rock to and fro like a tree shaken by the wind.

Finally there came that which Philip had not anticipated.

Instead of the dwelling being demolished in such a manner that he was exposed to view, the walls, besieged on every side, fell inward; and at the last deafening crash he commended himself to God, for it seemed positive he was buried alive.

In the brief space of time which elapsed from the first shattering of the side-wall until the end came Philip thought, with intense relief, that he would be crushed to death rather than murdered by those who had been so loyal a few days previous. Then the ceiling and sides of the room burst in, sending forth great clouds of dust, which from the outside must have looked like smoke ascending from a funeral pyre.

The assailants were silenced—awed by their work. The building was nothing more than a mass of ruin, but yet no trace of their king could be seen.

Looking from the outside, one would have said there could be no living thing beneath these enormous fragments of rock and wood; and yet, strange as it may seem, Philip was there with not so much as a single scratch upon his body. It was destined that his life should not be taken by his subjects during an assault planned by Goliah.

The heavy furniture, piled up from the door of the cupboard to the corner of the room as a barricade in case the apes succeeded in entering the

building, had been sufficient to uphold the weight which fell upon it, and the timbers of the ceiling had formed across the top a perfect support.

The king of the apes, whose reign had been of such short duration, was thus literally buried alive; but in this accidental tomb he had provisions sufficient to serve him many days.

For a few moments after the falling of the timbers Philip congratulated himself upon this fact; but his joy was short-lived. He soon realized that unless—as was improbable—he could have aid from the outside, the stock of provisions would simply serve to prolong his wretched life a certain time, after which death must inevitably come.

"At all events I need not starve," he said to himself after some reflection, as he raised his musket; and with the knowledge that he could invoke death before the torture of hunger and thirst became agonizing, he grew more resigned.

Then came a long time of silence, which was finally broken by the sound as of some one digging from above.

"Probably the night has passed, during which the apes were asleep, and now they are searching for my body," Philip said to himself; and although he knew death would be inevitable in case of discovery (for the mandrill skin had literally been torn from his body), it was with a certain sense of relief he learned that the debris from above was being removed.

Yet one does not welcome death, however full of

torture may be the alternative; and when the noise made by the army of laborers grew more distinct, telling that they were approaching nearer to his narrow prison each moment, the thought of the struggle which must ensue was very painful. With twenty cartridges he would hardly be able to hold the first squad of laborers in check sixty seconds. Then, unarmed, he must meet those whom he had so unwittingly deceived.

As the moments passed he was able to form a definite idea of the approach of his enemies, for in such a light must he now consider his former subjects. Already could he see tiny rays of light through the crevices of the rocks and timbers, and the shower of dust which fell upon him told that but a few feet of the debris remained between him and the open air.

Now he clutched his musket more firmly and stood on the alert, prepared to spring forward at the instant the aperture was sufficiently large to admit of the passage of his body, although he knew that the ruins were surrounded by an army so great that it would be impossible to make his way twenty feet before receiving a death-wound.

It was at this moment, when he had nerved himself for the struggle he believed was about to ensue, that he felt, rather than heard, a noise directly beneath his feet, and even while wondering as to the cause of it an upheaval of the floor told that the enemy were searching for him both above and below.

Then one of the boards upon which he stood was pushed aside, almost overturning him, and he leveled his musket, ready to fire when they should spring upon him out of what was evidently a tunnel.

The fragments from above had been so far removed by this time that the darkness was partially dispersed, allowing him to see everything in the vicinity quite distinctly.

An ape's head presented itself from this unexpected aperture, and, in order to save his ammunition as far as possible, Philip raised his musket to strike. Another instant and there would have been one ape the less on the island—an event well calculated to plunge the prisoner into an agony of grief.

It was the chimpanzee, Ben Bolt, and not one of Goliah's adherents, who had thus come from the very earth, as it were; and an instant later the besieged youth was shaking the animal by the paw as if he were a human being, for there could be no question but that the two chimpanzees had formed some plan to extricate their old master from his perilous position.

There was no time to be wasted in ceremonies, however. The laborers above had so nearly reached the tiny place of refuge that fragments of stone were already falling between the timbers, and the chimpanzee realized quite as well as did Philip that to make this means of escape practicable they must beat an immediate retreat.

The former stood at the edge of the tunnel and pointed downward with an impatient gesture.

Philip descended into a narrow excavation barely large enough to admit of his crawling on his hands and knees; and here, as if waiting for him, was the other chimpanzee, who immediately led the way through the passage, assuring herself that he would follow by winding her long tail around his neck in such a manner that he must perforce be dragged if he could not creep.

Had a spectator been in the place so lately occupied by Philip he would have seen Ben Bolt pull the furniture together even above his head, and then, retreating into the hole, drag some of the floor-boards after him to hide the existence of the tunnel.

In this he displayed reasoning powers beyond a peradventure, for those who were working above would, on reaching the bottom, find no evidences of an excavation, and it was hardly probable they would pursue their investigation any further than the floor of the room.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RETREAT.

PHILIP did not attempt to speculate upon the intelligence displayed by the chimpanzees as he half-followed and was half-dragged along the narrow tunnel by Alice.

That these two had recognized in the king of the apes their old master whose life they had previously tried to save there could be no question, for on entering the narrow hiding-place in the house Ben Bolt had shown no surprise at finding confined there a man instead of an ape; and on her part, Alice acted as if recognizing the object of their search.

Both these animals must have been aware of the deception practiced upon the other apes and received some inkling of the true state of affairs, otherwise they would not have been so prompt in making this excavation for the purpose of rescuing him.

The labor they had performed was prodigious, as Philip understood while creeping along the tunnel; for, although they moved at a reasonably rapid pace, it was fully twenty minutes before the three emerged into a thicket of mimosas directly back of Ben Bolt's former prison, and to the fugitive it seemed certain these animals must have commenced

their labors on the very night when the first mishap occurred to the skin of royalty.

Perhaps Goliah had made his suspicions public; or perhaps, again, Ben Bolt or Alice witnessed the first accident, and understanding who had been masquerading under the guise of the king, immediately formed a plan for his liberation. In either case the result of their labors was certainly brought about by reason rather than instinct, and the animal-trainer thought with a certain chagrin of the time when he believed apes could only be taught by example emphasized with severe punishment.

On emerging from the tunnel Philip could hear the shouts and cries of the apes who were searching the ruins; but the thicket of mimosas hid him from their view, and after beating down the ground as well as possible to hide any evidence of the existence of the tunnel, Ben Bolt motioned for Philip to follow him.

With Alice bringing up the rear, all three pushed forward at the utmost speed until they arrived at the mouth of the grotto in which Philip had previously taken refuge.

Since Goliah was in command of the apes the two chimpanzees were exposed to as much danger as their human comrade, for the huge baboon would undoubtedly make Ben Bolt a prisoner once more in order to separate him from his mate; and, therefore, Philip understood that he was to have the companionship of these beasts during such time as it might be necessary to remain in hiding.

The grotto was far from being a secure place of retreat, since at any moment a squad of apes might pass that way, and Philip now took upon himself the part of conductor, leading the animals directly into the subterranean chambers which he had discovered.

Here they could have light to a certain degree, water from the numberless streams, and plenty of food in the shape of fish; therefore their voluntary imprisonment might be monotonous but not painful, however long a time it should continue.

It was probable Goliah's forces would discover these under-ground chambers, and to guard as far as possible against what might prove a dire calamity, Philip set about filling the passage leading from the grotto with fragments of limestone, taken from the chamber of statutes.

In this work he was aided by the chimpanzees very materially, and before three hours had passed they were in what appeared to be an impregnable position.

So far as Philip had discovered there was no means of entrance to the subterranean chamber save through the grotto, and with the tunnel half-filled by rocks, there was every reason to believe a siege could be sustained indefinitely. The animals appeared to understand quite as well as did their human companion that they were comparatively safe from Goliah and his forces, and hand in hand they wandered through the caverns, uttering exclamations of surprise or chattering with each other in

a low tone, but returning to Philip every moment to make sure he would not again disappear from their view.

A dinner and supper of boiled fish, then a long time of unbroken repose, and another day dawned.

During the hours devoted to slumber Philip had resolved that, in order to occupy his mind and provide the needful exercise for all, he would again take up his work of gathering gold, although it might not be possible to carry it away. When breakfast had been cooked in the boiling spring, and eaten, he motioned for the chimpanzees to follow him down the course of the stream.

In order to make them understand what he wished to do, it was only necessary to take from the water a few of the yellow nuggets, compare them with bits of limestone to show the difference in color, and then carry them to the hiding-place behind the statue. One example was sufficient, and without delay the animals set about gathering the treasure, so useless while Philip remained on the island, but of such great value if he could succeed in conveying it to any civilized portion of the world.

It was not his intention to make of this treasure-gathering absolute labor, but only to perform so much of it as would give the needed exercise in confinement; and after the chimpanzees had worked industriously three hours he motioned for them to desist.

Stretched out on the cool white sand in the cavern nearest the grotto, all three of the fugitives en-

joyed a most pleasant siesta. They could contrast the heat outside with the refreshing coolness of the under-ground residence, and Philip admitted to himself that to remain shut up here several weeks might not be as unpleasant as would seem at first thought.

Thus alternately working and resting, the time passed at a reasonably rapid rate until Philip judged that one week of this voluntary imprisonment had elapsed.

During all this time nothing had been heard from the apes, and the chimpanzees no longer acted as if fearing each moment their enemies would find them out. Even Philip felt reassured on this point, and was beginning to make preparations for sending Ben Bolt on a reconnoitering expedition, or of going himself, when loud shouts from the outside proclaimed the fact that Goliah's army had at last discovered their hiding-place.

Even now Philip felt but little alarm, for by barricading the tunnel it would be possible to hold the entire force at bay.

Goliah, however, did not propose to let his army expend their energy and time in shrieking. About noon on the eighth day of Philip's voluntary imprisonment the sounds from the grotto proclaimed the fact that the enemy were making preparations for entering the passage.

At the first alarm the chimpanzees were nearly beside themselves with fright; but after observing Philip's calm demeanor they appeared to gain confidence, and in less than an hour both were suffi-

ciently composed to render such aid as their human companion required.

The work of maintaining a defense was not arduous. It consisted simply in breaking the naturally-formed statues into fragments — which was easily done owing to the porous nature of the stone— and packing the pieces into the passage as fast as the wall gave evidence of being weakened by the besiegers.

"They may go on with that sort of work for a month without being able to get at us," Philip said, much as if the chimpanzees needed encouragement and could understand what he said. "We have only to keep on hand a plentiful supply of material, and the advantage will all be on our side."

Before the day came to an end the animals had learned so well what was necessary that their companion had no hesitation about trusting them to continue the defense while he caught and prepared fish for supper.

During the night the enemy remained silent, but at the first break of day the attack was continued— this time so methodically that the forenoon was but half spent when the barricade was so far destroyed that Philip could see the besiegers at the further end of the tunnel.

They labored in couples, dragging out the rocks and passing them to those in the rear, who formed a long chain to the outer end of the grotto, where the fragments were thrown down the incline at such a point that the movement of the army would not be impeded.

In this order of working it was possible for them to gain very materially upon the defenders of the cavern, and for the first time since having taken refuge in this place Philip began to fear they might eventually be dragged from what he had believed was a secure retreat, unless it should be possible to change their own plan.

It was while he stood at the mouth of the tunnel trying to devise some means of accelerating the work of defense that he was startled by hearing the report of a cannon in the distance.

His companions immediately rushed to his side, as if understanding that this booming noise meant deliverance for him whom they had labored so hard; and while the three were listening intently a second report was heard.

Now the besiegers began to understand that something unusual was occurring on the island, and when the third report rang out on the still air Philip shouted, in a loud voice:

"A vessel has come! Captain Seaworth has returned, and we shall be able to leave this terrible place!"

The besiegers, confounded and uneasy because of the detonations, which were several times repeated by the echoes, came to a decided stand-still, while Goliah, who was stationed just inside the grotto, leaned forward, sniffing the air and showing every symptom of uneasiness.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RETURN OF THE COLONISTS.

WITH stones in their hands, muzzles turned in the direction of the wind, outstretched necks, hair standing on end, and ears pricked up, the apes tried to realize what Philip himself would have been only too well pleased to understand.

There could be no question but that a vessel was near, yet there were many chances that Philip's first explanation of the reason of the cannonading was not the true one.

In the cavern it was impossible to say that a tempest might not be raging, and the ship, having struck a reef, was signaling for assistance. Or, again, the Malay pirates were perhaps attacking some vessels close under the lee of the land. In fact, there were very many ways of explaining the reasons for this discharge of ordnance without attributing it to the return of the colonists, and Philip's first flush of joy was immediately turned to anxiety.

Half an hour passed, during which the besiegers remained like statues, gazing toward the sea; and then, to Philip's intense relief and almost overwhelming happiness, came the sound of human voices.

The apes appeared to be more and more astonished. The greater number looked frightened, and were already seeking with furtive glances favorable openings for immediate flight. Goliah alone remained firm; but it was possible to tell from the expression of his face that he shared very sensibly in the alarm of his subjects.

Five minutes more passed, and Philip fancied he could hear the tramp of many feet in the distance, when Goliah gave vent to a shrill, piercing whistle, and in an instant every one of the besiegers disappeared. Not a single ape remained in front of the grotto, and only for a few seconds could Philip see their vanishing tails as they sought refuge in the thicket.

Now, instead of trying to fill up the tunnel, those in the subterranean chamber began tearing away at the rocks with feverish energy; and five minutes later Philip, followed by the two chimpanzees, emerged from the grotto into one of the broad roads built under his supervision as king, down which could be seen a large body of men, in the immediate vicinity of the village.

To run forward at the swiftest possible pace was the most natural thing for Philip to do, and in a few moments he was standing before Captain Seaworth, muttering incoherent words expressive of his deep joy, while the two chimpanzees followed close behind him, looking as if they also were relieved in mind by the coming of human beings.

The appearance of Philip, covered as he was with

the fragments of an ape's skin, caused the most profound astonishment among those who had just landed.

They looked upon him as if believing that he was a veritable wild man, and not a few gave way at his approach, fearing he might inflict some injury upon them.

Although Captain Seaworth and several of his officers were well acquainted with Philip Garland, the animal-trainer, they failed to recognize in this forlorn-looking specimen of humanity the once prosperous merchant, and after gazing at him several moments in undisguised astonishment the captain asked, sternly:

"Who are you?"

"A shipwrecked youth, whose life has been in danger during the past three months."

"One would say you were more ape than human," the captain replied with a smile.

"And so I have been; but now the time has come when I can assume my proper place among human beings. This hide is not mine."

"Which is lucky for you," one of the officers added, and several laughed heartily, "otherwise we might think it a deed of charity to finish skinning you."

Then Captain Seaworth, looking at the chimpanzees as if he recognized them, asked:

"How comes it that you have adopted two of my former pets as your servants?"

"These are animals which I once owned and

trained, and afterward sold to you, captain," Philip said laughingly; and the gentleman, looking up quickly, repeated:

"You sold them to me?"

"Yes. I am, or at least I was, Philip Garland, dealer in wild animals, and sold you these chimpanzees, together with a baboon which I wish had been killed years ago."

It is needless to describe the astonishment caused by these words. In this youth, only partially covered with the tattered skin of an ape, and with matted and disheveled hair, the officers of the Reynard began to distinguish some familiar features, and a moment later Philip was overwhelmed with questions.

To tell his story would require no slight amount of time, and he proposed that it be delayed until a more fitting moment, for he, in turn, was eager to learn the reasons of the colonists' sudden departure; therefore he said:

"Inasmuch as your leaving the island has caused me no slight amount of uneasiness and mystification, and can be told more quickly than my story, suppose you first explain. This evening you shall learn the particulars of my reign, for during at least half of my stay here I have been king of the apes."

"It will require but a few words to clear up what has seemed a mystery if, as I presume, you have already seen the log-book."

"I have, and the last page in it contained an account of the pirates' warning which was found on the beach."

"Exactly," the captain replied. "In regard to that, Mr. Clark evidently overlooked the weapon on the previous day, for before nightfall we saw the Malay fleet in the offing. It was composed of so many proas that to give battle would have been the height of foolishness, and in the least possible time we embarked on the Reynard, slipping her cables and standing out to sea. It was better to lose our property than run the risk of losing our lives.

"The people were making preparations for a ball, and no work was being done on the plantation, therefore it was possible to embark in less than an hour from the time of the first alarm; but to save any of the household goods was out of the question. The papers relating to the settlement of the island I intended to take with me; but in the hurried departure they, like a great many other things, were forgotten until it was so late that to return for them would have been the height of imprudence, and we abandoned everything with the faint hope of recovering the property on our return.

"A running fight could be made provided we succeeded in preventing the pirates from boarding us; and with a ten-knot breeze we dashed through the fleet without receiving any injury. They opened fire as a matter of course; but those scoundrels do not count upon a fight at long range, because their weapons are not calculated to do much execution from a distance.

"We were not idle. Every gun of the six we had on board was trained with good effect, and before

they could crawl out of range we sank three proas. Two more of the crafts were disabled, and one was so splintered about the hull that before we were out of sight her crew took to the boats. It was a lesson which I fancy they will not forget for some time; and now that we are to have such an increase of numbers, it will be a very long while before the pirates, either from Sooloo or Magindinao, dare to pay us a visit.

"We made Batavia in due course of time, took on more colonists, and arranged for a large number to follow. They will be here in a few days, and I have returned to complete our work; but I fancy quite as much has been destroyed by the apes as would have been had the pirates landed, although I am surprised at seeing these magnificent thoroughfares, which must have cost no small amount of time and labor."

"As king of the apes I have been able to do the colony some good," Philip replied. "These roads were laid out by my subjects, and as far as possible I have endeavored to repair the buildings which they destroyed during the first battle; but of this I shall tell you later."

Then Captain Seaworth and his officers, eager to hear Philip's story, proposed that all go on board the Reynard, where the unfortunate man could procure suitable garments; and while the colonists were engaged in ascertaining the amount of damage done the dwellings the little party went to the coast, the chimpanzees following Philip very closely, as if only in his presence could they hope for protection from the vengeful Goliah.

The remainder of that day was spent as far as Captain Seaworth and his officers were concerned, in listening to Philip's adventures, and when night came one can well fancy the happy sense of relief and security which the animal-trainer experienced on being able to lie down once more in a bed with no fear of an attack from the apes.

It was decided that the chimpanzees should be allowed to go whithersoever they pleased; but after the first visit to the ship no amount of persuasion could induce them to go on shore again. They appeared to realize that only there were they safe, and having been given quarters in a shanty which the carpenter built on deck, they were apparently the most contented of all the ship's company.

Not until the following day, while the workmen were engaged in restoring the buildings and otherwise putting the settlement into the same shape as it had been at the time of their departure, did Philip tell Captain Seaworth of the discovery he had made in the subterranean chamber. Had he related this portion of his adventures in public the work of establishing the plantation would have been speedily abandoned, for once the fever for gold attacks man all industries languish, and the idea of gaining wealth from the bed of the underground stream would have been more disastrous to the colony than many visits from the pirates.

Even Captain Seaworth was undecided as to what should be done. He fully realized the danger attending his enterprise should this discovery be

made known, and after much thought he said to Philip:

"We will let this remain a secret between you and me for the present. You can at different times convey the gold which has been gathered to my house, or to the ship, without letting any of the colonists know what you are doing. Only in the event of our failing to make of this island a fruitful plantation will we acquaint even my most trusty officers with this new source of wealth."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A BOATSWAIN'S FATE.

AS A MATTER of course, Philip was enabled to resume his proper habiliments as soon as he stepped on board the Reynard, Captain Seaworth supplying him with a full outfit, and it was with no slight degree of satisfaction that he surveyed himself in the mirror.

His long and peculiar residence on the island rendered him a valuable adviser to Captain Seaworth, and it was decided that during such time as he would be obliged to remain, owing to the limited means of transportation, he was to act as a member of the board of directors.

The first labor the colonists engaged in was the repairing of the houses which had been injured during the last siege. Then every dwelling was fortified, as far as possible, for it was not to be supposed that such a large body of apes, having once had possession of the settlement, would remain very long at a respectful distance.

Philip's advice to Captain Seaworth was that before anything was done toward restoring the plantations to their former condition some means be devised for ridding the island of the mischievous and vindictive animals. To plant anew would be only to

provide something for the apes to destroy, and it was by no means safe for the male colonists to go into the fields, leaving the cottages unprotected, since Goliah might lead his forces to an attack at any moment; therefore if the scheme of transforming the island into a garden was to be carried out, the first and all-important task was the destruction or subjugation of the apes.

No one knew better than Philip how difficult would be such a task. At the very lowest computation there were two thousand of these long-tailed brutes against whom war must be waged, and, as has already been shown, they were no mean antagonists. One such as Goliah would be more than a match for three unarmed men, and the strictest orders were issued that the colonists should only go from one point to another when in large numbers, and with sufficient weapons to repel any onslaught which might be made.

This order was promulgated on the afternoon of the same day the Reynard entered the little cove, and before twelve hours had elapsed those of the colonists who thought such a precaution foolish were fully convinced of its wisdom.

The boatswain of the ship, whose constant boast it was that he could overcome, single-handed, any three men who might be opposed to him, laughed at the idea of banding together to resist an attack by monkeys, and openly declared that he was not afraid of all the apes in the Malay Archipelago. He even went so far as to intimate that Philip was

little less than a chicken-hearted fellow to allow himself to be made a prisoner by such animals, and to do their bidding like a slave. In fact, he did not hesitate to say he doubted Mr. Garland's story very seriously, and otherwise made so much sport of the "Munchausen Tales," as he called them, that many of the colonists were disposed to share in his incredulity.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon Captain Seaworth decided to have one of the small cannon brought from the Reynard for the better defense of the village, and instructed the boatswain to proceed to the ship with a sufficient number of men for mutual protection.

"I am going alone," the old sailor said when he emerged from the captain's temporary dwelling, speaking to a number of his comrades with whom he had previously been discussing the alleged facts of Philip's story. "I'll make it my business to walk half-around the island just to show how much truth there is in the yarn of this monkey-trainer, who has been scared out of his senses by two or three tame baboons."

Of course this would be a total disregard of the captain's express commands; but the boatswain flattered himself that his disobedience would not be known save to those in whose eyes he wished to appear as a hero, and away he started, armed only with a stout cudgel, which he declared was enough to frighten all the apes on the island into convulsions.

Three hours later, the piece of ordnance not having arrived, Captain Seaworth sent half a dozen colonists to the ship, and in due time they returned with the information that the boatswain had not arrived at the coast. The foolhardy man had been absent from the settlement sufficiently long to have made four or five trips to the tiny harbor, and, believing his desire to show contempt for the apes had resulted in a catastrophe, those who heard his boasts laid the matter before the captain and Philip.

It was then too late to make any search for the unfortunate man, since night, which comes on so suddenly in the tropics, was already close at hand, and it would be worse than reckless to venture into the thicket where the animals could so readily conceal themselves.

That Goliah and his forces had taken the boatswain prisoner, even if they had not murdered him, Philip felt certain; but nothing could be done until morning, and immediately after sunrise fifty well-armed men set out, following as nearly as possible the supposed direction in which he had gone.

The search was not of long duration. When the party arrived within a hundred yards of the terminus of the road leading to the south they saw that which caused the stoutest-hearted to draw back with a shudder.

Hanging to the lower limb of a mangrove-tree, exactly as Philip had seen the skeleton of the mandrill suspended, was the unfortunate boatswain. The rope for the execution of the deed had been formed

from strips of his clothing, and a party of Western lynchers could not have done the deed more thoroughly.

From such slight evidence as could be seen among the underbrush or foliage, it was not probable the sailor had had an opportunity to defend himself more than a few seconds. Most likely Goliah's forces leaped upon him so quickly, and in such numbers, that before he could strike many blows he was overpowered; but that he was alive when suspended from the tree could be readily seen.

After the unfortunate man was given a Christian burial there was not one among the colonists who questioned any detail of Philip's story, however improbable it may have seemed. Now that there could be no question as to the dangers which menaced, Captain Seaworth resolved to rid the island of the brutes, if possible; and to this end, acting under Philip's advice, he went to work systematically.

The buildings were left in charge of forty well-armed men, and the strictest orders issued against the women venturing out of doors under any pretense. Then all save a force necessary to guard the ship were set at work cutting paths through the thicket at different angles from the settlement, in order that there should be no opportunity of concealment for the apes within reach of the house.

This task required no small amount of labor, and three days elapsed before the colonists were in condition to open the battle.

During this time they had every evidence that

Goliah's forces were watching them intently, for more than once could be heard shrill cries in the thicket as if spies were reporting to their commander the progress made, and on several occasions the workmen saw dark forms flitting by, but at such a pace as to render it impossible to shoot with any accuracy of aim.

It was on the night previous to the day set for the general attack that the vessel from Batavia arrived with reinforcements, and then Captain Seaworth had quite an army under his command.

Had the colonists been going forth to meet a regularly organized force of men they could not have proceeded more carefully. The new-comers, who were well aware of the fighting qualities of apes, were by no means disposed to make light of the intended engagement, but at the same time no one seemed disposed to shirk his duty.

Divided into squads of twenty, each man carrying fifty rounds of ammunition, the detachments started from the village, marching through the paths and down the roads, and diverging as do the spokes of a wheel from its hub.

Philip, who commanded the party which proceeded toward the south, had tried to induce the chimpanzees to accompany him, believing they could give timely warning of the approach of the enemy; but these intelligent animals were far too wise to put their precious bodies in such jeopardy. They probably understood what the result would be in case of capture, and all the inducements held out by

their master were insufficient to persuade them even to step over the ship's rail.

During the first half hour after the forces began to advance, those in the village heard no sound. Then came a few scattering shots, followed by another time of silence, until finally the rattle of regular and rapid firing from the road down which Philip had passed told the anxious listeners that the battle was in progress.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PITCHED BATTLE.

THE PARTY commanded by Philip had marched down the broad avenue fully two-thirds of the entire distance from the village to the sea-shore without seeing so much as the tip of an ape's tail, when suddenly every man came to a halt without waiting for the word of command as a piercing scream from the thicket at the left rang out on the clear air.

Involuntarily the colonists gazed in the direction from whence the cry had come, and as they did so a vast army of apes poured out from the thicket on the opposite side of the road armed with stones and sticks, attacking them with such fury that before the men could recover from their bewilderment three had fallen mortally wounded.

Philip, who was in the rear of the troops, delayed firing in the hope of having as a target the gigantic form of Goliah.

In this, however, he was unsuccessful, for that worthy had taken good care to be out of harm's way, although more than once Philip fancied he saw his grinning face. It was but a few seconds, however, that he could remain inactive, so vigorous and well-directed was the shower of rocks, and then he

discharged his repeating-rifle again and again into the solid ranks of apes without producing any apparent effect.

During fifteen minutes this hot engagement continued, and then, as a shrill cry arose which could be distinctly heard above the rattle of musketry, every ape who was left alive vanished amid the thicket in a twinkling, leaving the colonists at liberty to count the cost of this first attempt at subduing the original proprietors of the soil.

Five men were dead, three severely wounded, and hardly one had escaped without some injury. On the other side at least forty apes were left behind, either dead or unable to beat a retreat. It was safe to assume that as many more had carried away bullets in their bodies; but this made the victory a costly one for the colonists, when the number of apes supposed to be on the island was taken into consideration.

"Twenty engagements like this and we shall no longer have men enough to defend the village," Philip said to himself as he gave the order for the dead and dying to be carried back to the dwellings.

While this portion of Captain Seaworth's army were returning in funeral procession the sounds of conflict could be heard from the extreme northern end of the road, and the reports of the weapons continued for about ten minutes, when they died away entirely, causing Philip to believe the apes had pursued the same tactics as during the first engagement.



The vast army of apes poured from the thicket attacking the party with great fury.—(See page 259.)

When Philip and his decimated party reached the main building of the settlement, the squad of men commanded by Mr. Clark, first officer of the Reynard, could be seen approaching, bearing ominous-looking burdens, which told that their portion of the conflict had also been attended with fatal results. As the remainder of the colonists returned, company by company, having seen no signs of the enemy, Captain Seaworth called a council of war, since it was evident that Goliah did not intend to give battle again during this day.

As nearly as could be judged about a hundred of the apes had been killed, or so severely wounded as to make their deaths certain; but, on the other hand, twelve men were dead, and fully twenty so badly disabled as to render it impossible for them to take any further part in the defense of the settlement for many weeks to come.

"To continue in this way will simply be to exterminate ourselves," Captain Seaworth said when his officers were assembled. "The apes so far outnumber us that in less than a week we shall be at the mercy of the animals unless some safer plan of attack can be devised; therefore I call upon you, gentlemen, for an expression of opinion as to what course we shall pursue."

Among the entire party there was no one who could make a suggestion which seemed at all feasible. Even Philip was at a loss to know what course could be pursued with any chance of ultimate success, and but for the fact that he was afraid of

being called a coward he would then and there have advised an abandonment of the scheme of colonizing the island.

It was not until the unsatisfactory session had nearly ended that Mr. Clark proposed a plan whereby it might be possible to inflict injury upon the apes without suffering any loss of life themselves.

"Let us bring all the heavy cannon from the ship," he said, "and place them in the dwellings where the openings in the forest can be commanded. Then for two or three days every person on the island shall remain concealed. By the end of that time the apes may fancy we have beat a retreat and gather around the buildings in such force that we can kill off a few hundred. It is not a very brilliant suggestion, I must admit; but since no one has anything better to offer, it will be only a waste of seventy-two hours at the most to try the experiment."

No member of the party cared to say that he was really afraid of an army of apes, although many had greater or less doubt as to whether they would ever be able to carry out the original scheme of making there a plantation, and the first officer's plan met with the approbation of all.

"Two parties, numbering fifty each, will proceed at once to the ship for the purpose of bringing on shore the heavy guns," the captain said, as he adjourned the council, "and after they have been placed in position all the women and a portion of the natives must take refuge on the Reynard, while

the remainder of our force conceal themselves in the houses."

With this the party separated. Mr. Clark and Philip were detailed to command the respective crews who were to bring up the ordnance, and the others, with Captain Seaworth at their head, went to pay the last honors to those who had fallen in the singular engagement.

The ship's surgeon was the busiest man on the island, and while the dead were being suitably interred he, with the women as nurses, established a hospital in the court-yard of Captain Seaworth's house. The awnings were replaced by spare canvas; hammocks were slung on either side, where patients would be most likely to get the benefit of cooling draughts of air, and every preparation was made for a long time of enforced seclusion.

The four central buildings of the village were selected as the ones to be fortified; holes were pierced in the shutters to receive the muzzles of the cannon, and loop-holes made that the men might be able to train the pieces. Powder, grape and canister were brought in large quantities from the ship and stacked up in the rooms, until the buildings intended for the peaceful occupancy of industrious colonists looked like the embrasures of a fort.

At the end of the day succeeding the battle everything was in readiness for the experiment, and fully two-thirds of the colonists were sent on board the Reynard, with orders to remain concealed. It was not deemed advisable to remove the wounded from

the court-yard, for unless the apes should begin a regular siege, as they had done when Philip was alone, this temporary hospital would not be exposed to an attack.

Captain Seaworth, Philip, Mr. Clark and the second mate had charge of the cannon, and from sunrise on the first day after these arrangements had been completed the four commanders watched carefully and eagerly for the coming of the apes, whose curiosity it was hoped would lead them to their death.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

APISH STRATEGY.

FROM the moment when everything was in readiness for the carrying out of Mr. Clark's scheme there were no sounds to be heard on the island save those caused by the apes or the myriad forms of insect life. It was as if the colonists had suddenly been stricken dumb; and so careful was the captain and his officers to carry out the plan thoroughly that this silence was not broken by any one under their command.

Save for the six ominous-looking protuberances from the shutters, everything about the village was as it had been when the colonists fled before the pirates, and even human beings might have been deceived by this pretended abandonment of the island.

It was not expected that the apes would make any demonstration during the hours of darkness; therefore, with the exception of a sentinel at each loop-hole, the entire party slept until morning, when certain noises in the adjacent forest proclaimed the fact that Goliah's forces had taken note of the unusual silence.

It so chanced that Philip was stationed at a point overlooking the same portion of the thicket as when he alone defended the building; and inasmuch as it

was directly opposite his station that Goliah had taken his stand during both times the settlement had been attacked, the animal-trainer naturally hoped the huge baboon would direct the movements of his followers from the spot he had previously occupied.

If the leader could be killed it was but natural to suppose his followers would be dispersed, and Philip's great desire was to put an end to the career of the baboon who had caused him so much suffering.

Two hours after sunrise the first decisive move was made by the enemy. Previous to this moment they could have been heard chattering among the thickets ; but now a party of about a dozen, who had evidently been sent forward to spy out the situation of affairs, came boldly from the shelter of the trees and marched entirely around the settlement.

The purpose of the concealed party was to wait until the main body of the enemy had been massed where a volley of grape-shot could be sent into their midst; therefore these spies were allowed to return to their leaders unmolested.

At the end of the third hour another party reconnoitered in much the same fashion as had the first, save that they went on the verandas of several cottages, trying the doors and windows, and when they disappeared to make a report Philip understood that the time was near at hand when a salutary lesson might be given.

From the thicket could be heard a noise as of

breaking limbs, shrill cries of command, and now and then a hoarse shout from Goliah, until suddenly fully one-half the main body of apes burst into view from among the foliage.

Philip looked in vain for Goliah; that wily old baboon had no intention of exposing his precious person when there were soldiers enough under his command to do the fighting.

The guns were already trained, and at the signal, which was the discharge of a revolver by one of the men stationed near Captain Seaworth, the six cannon belched forth their iron hail, mowing great gaps through the enemy's lines.

There was no opportunity to repeat this dose, for in a twinkling every animal who yet had command of his limbs disappeared, and nothing was left in view of the concealed party save huge piles of dead and wounded.

Although it was not probable the apes would show themselves again, no sound was made by those in concealment save such as was necessary in reloading the cannon, and until four o'clock that afternoon all remained on the alert, but without seeing or hearing a single member of Goliah's forces.

That it was useless to continue the ambush any longer Captain Seaworth knew perfectly well, and at the word of command the colonists came out from their hiding-places to perform such duties as were absolutely necessary in the way of preparing food for themselves and their wounded comrades in the court-yard.

Among the first work to be done was to bury the slain, for in that tropical climate the bodies would decompose rapidly, and thus, even after death, be a source of danger to those who had killed them.

The number of the fallen was less than had at first been supposed. One hundred and twelve were all that could be found, and while it was reasonable to believe fully as many more had received wounds of which they would soon die, the ranks of the enemy had not been decimated to any appreciable extent.

The sun set before the deep trench which had been dug to receive the bodies was filled, and after this duty had been performed preparations were made for the night, since it was possible Goliah might try to avenge the blow which had been struck.

As the shadows lengthened and the deep gloom settled down over the island gunners were stationed at the pieces once more, and again the little village was in a state of comparative repose, save directly in the rear, where half a dozen men were bringing water and hewing wood.

Captain Seaworth had the same idea as had Philip, that, true to their imitative habits, the apes, if they made an attack after nightfall, would do so the same point from which their previous efforts had been directed, and, therefore, but little attention was given to what might be passing in the rear.

The cooks were preparing a hearty meal, for the men in ambush had not been served with anything warm during two days. The kitchen doors and

windows were open, and the laborers were pursuing their respective tasks without thought of harm, when suddenly a volley of rocks, coming thickly as drops of rain in a summer shower, descended upon the unprotected portion of the main building, taking by most complete surprise even those who were on the alert.

As these missiles struck the sides and roof of the house or fell through the open doors and windows, the noise was so deafening that fully five minutes elapsed before Captain Seaworth could make his orders understood, and in that brief time no slight amount of damage had been done.

The awning in the court-yard was partially torn down; several of the wounded men received still further injury; two of the cooks were disabled, and the stove was overturned, strewing the coals on the kitchen floor in such a way as started a blaze among the dry wood, which threatened speedy destruction to the house.

There was no longer any thought of retaliation, for it was necessary that the flames should be extinguished before they gained too much headway, and the orders were to form lines for passing water.

Hardly had this work been begun when another shower of rocks descended upon the laborers, driving them in from the spring as several of the party fell under the well-directed assault, and during the short time of confusion which ensued the fire gained no inconsiderable headway.

Only three or four men could work to advantage

at bringing water from the spring in the court-yard, for the flow was not large enough to permit of much being carried at a time, and while they were engaged in this nearly useless labor Captain Seaworth ordered all the others save those in charge of the cannon to form a cordon around the building for the purpose of keeping up an incessant discharge of musketry into the thicket.

Not a single ape could be seen as the men marched bravely to their posts amid the falling missiles, and their volleys, however rapid, had but little effect, owing to the fact that they were forced to fire at random.

After the muskets had been emptied half a dozen times, and the attack had been checked in some slight degree, every third man was told off to fight the flames; but so much time had elapsed that before the work was well begun it could be plainly seen that all their efforts were vain.

Then, in order to save the lives of the helpless ones in the court-yard, a still larger number of defenders were assigned the duty of conveying the wounded to a building on the outskirts of the settlement, and while this was being done it seemed as if every tree in the vicinity concealed an enemy who kept up a continuous discharge of rocks.

For those in charge of the cannon to remain in the house where they could only shoot directly in front was useless, and under Philip's command the ordnance was taken outside. From this point, first in one direction and then another, heavy charges of

small shot were poured into the thicket from whence came the missiles in the greatest profusion, but evidently without doing much injury to the enemy.

The situation was now deplorable. That the main portion of the settlement would be consumed there could be no question, for the flames had fastened upon the wings on either side of the court-yard, and as all the cottages were of such an inflammable material it needed but little to complete the work of destruction.

The glare of the flames threw into brightest relief those who were struggling to protect themselves and save the property, and thus they afforded good targets for the unseen enemy, who had now completely surrounded the village.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE RETREAT.

BY THE time the wounded had been removed from the building at least half a dozen more men were in need of the surgeon's skill, for since the flames had illuminated the scene so brilliantly the apes were able to aim with more accuracy, and Captain Seaworth soon began to realize that his entire force might be killed or disabled if any further attempt at fighting fire was made.

Philip was so deeply engaged in directing the movements of those at the cannon that he paid no attention to what was taking place outside his own sphere of action. Knowing perfectly well the manners of the apes, he understood that if the volleys of grape should cease even for a few moments Goliah's forces would charge in overwhelming numbers, believing the colonists were growing weaker. Therefore, as rapidly as four men could clean and load each piece, it was discharged point-blank at that portion of the thicket in which the enemy appeared to be concealed in greatest force.

The range was too short to permit of the grape-shot doing as much execution as it would have done at five or six times the distance, and after seven or

eight rounds had been fired Philip discarded the iron balls entirely, loading the cannon heavily with pebbles and fragments of rock, which, flying in every direction, would spread over a much larger space than round shot.

It was while he was most active in this work, and when the two cottages immediately adjoining the central dwelling had caught fire, that Captain Seaworth approached the chief of artillery looking troubled and pale.

"That a body of men should be routed by apes seems ridiculous," he said; "but at this moment I confess I see no chance of success in this unequal battle. What is your opinion?"

Philip delayed answering only long enough to discharge one cannon at the thicket of mimosas south of the burning village, and then, after directing the gunners to clean and reload the piece in the shortest possible time, he replied, gravely:

"I am ready to obey your orders, captain, whatever they may be, and however much they vary from my own ideas; but I am convinced that a continuation of this fight will result in the disablement of all your forces. Already the natives are growing alarmed in the presence of an unseen enemy who, without fire-arms, can do so much execution, and if they should become panic-stricken the white members of the party will be left to the mercy of the apes."

"Then you propose ——"

"I propose nothing, captain. I have simply given

my opinion because you asked it, and not with any desire to influence your movement."

Then Philip rushed forward to another cannon which had been loaded, and after discharging it returned to Captain Seaworth, who said:

"I am convinced you are correct. With the limited amount of water at our command it will be impossible to stay the progress of the flames, and we must leave the village to its destruction. Withdraw your guns one by one after I have sent the wounded to the ship. It will be necessary for you to cover the retreat with the cannon, because we have so many in the hospital that nearly the entire working-force are required to transport them."

"Then it is to be a retreat?"

"If we were fighting against men I should feel warranted in a complete surrender to prevent further slaughter; but since that is impossible it must be as you say—a retreat. I will send those who are fighting the flames to assist you in the more rapid discharge of the cannon while we are carrying the wounded to the ship. Messengers must be dispatched to Mr. Clark, with instructions for him to forward all aboard the Reynard to aid us on the way."

Philip wasted no time in reply. He realized fully how important it was that a more vigorous defense should be made just at this moment, and he urged the men to renewed exertions, if indeed that was possible when every one battled for life itself.

Then began what has probably never had an equal in warfare—the retreat of a large body of armed men before a party of apes.

As Captain Seaworth had said, it required the greater portion of his force to convey the wounded, and so few remained to work the heavy guns, drawing them back a few paces toward the sea-coast after each discharge, that the commander himself was forced to assist Philip.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before the last wounded man left the building which had been converted into a temporary hospital, and then, foot by foot, the little party of artillerists literally fought their way backward, while the rapid discharge of fire-arms from those in advance told that the apes had already circled around the retreating army. As a cannon was discharged it would be drawn twenty or thirty paces to the rear, the men reloading even while it was moving, and the showers of stones came thicker and more frequent.

Before half the necessary distance was traversed Philip's left shoulder had been so severely cut with a fragment of rock as to render the arm useless, while blood streamed down the captain's face from many minor wounds. Hardly a man among those who were protecting the rear was uninjured, and just when Philip began to fear that what had commenced as an orderly march would end in a complete rout, reinforcements from the ships arrived.

This party of thirty fresh men, each with a plentiful supply of ammunition, checked the closely-pur-

suing apes, and it became possible to move the cannon forty or fifty yards after each discharge.

Finally, to the intense relief of all, the beach was gained, and here it was necessary to form in regular line of battle while the wounded were being conveyed to the ships in small boats.

It seemed as if the apes understood that this was their last opportunity, for they immediately redoubled their efforts. But now, however, being so near a place of safety, the men fought even more courageously than before, and huge sheets of flame burst from the weapons as the missiles went hurtling through the branches, causing great slaughter, as could be told by the shrieks of the wounded and dying animals.

Then the cannon were abandoned on the sea-shore when the boats from both vessels were drawn up ready to receive the defenders at the same moment, and, still discharging their muskets rapidly, the men were at last conveyed to a place of comparative safety.

The deck of the Reynard looked not unlike that of a line-of-battle ship after a terrific naval engagement. Hammocks were slung in every direction; improvised cots were placed fore and aft; and the surgeon, with all the women, was fully occupied in dressing the wounds until the sun once more sent down his pitiless glare over the island and the sea.

Looking shoreward, along the road Philip had caused to be made while he was king of the apes, nothing could be seen of the picturesque little vil-

lage save a heap of blackened, smoking ruins. The flames had done their work thoroughly, and not a single building remained standing. That the scheme of colonizing the island must be abandoned for the time being, at least, Philip understood, since even if Goliah and his forces could have been exterminated immediately a return to the United States was necessary in order to replenish the stores, as well as to provide new buildings for the laborers.

When the wounded had been made as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, Philip thought for the first time of the two chimpanzees, and not seeing them anywhere around, he feared, through some mischance, they had gone ashore in one of the boats, in which case their doom was certainly sealed.

In this, however, he was mistaken. Half an hour later, while assisting the crew to rig up temporary berths in the hold, he found the two animals cowering in the forward portion of the ship, behind some spare cables, and it was many moments before he could induce either to come on deck.

Toward noon, when the intense heat rendered it almost impossible for the crew to continue the work of converting the ship into a temporary hospital, Captain Seaworth held another consultation, and this time it had no reference to how the apes might be exterminated, but was simply a question of when it would be possible to set sail.

There were yet a sufficient number of men to work the ships as far as Batavia, unless they were

attacked by the pirates; and after deciding that it would be better to run the chances of a fight at sea than be caught at anchor by the Malays, Captain Seaworth reported the fact of Philip's having found a vast amount of treasure in the subterranean chambers.

Never yet did blood outweigh gold, and every member of the council was eager to become possessed of the precious metal, even at the risk of another encounter with the animals. There was but little discussion necessary in order to arrive at the opinion of the majority, which was that they should defer sailing until at least one journey could be made to the grotto, and a certain amount of the wealth be brought away.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

EACH hour increased the anxiety of Captain Seaworth and his officers. There was every reason to believe the pirates would return, and perhaps very soon. It was not the custom of Malays to acknowledge themselves vanquished so quickly, and doubtless they had the fullest information concerning the movements of the colonists from the numberless small proas or sampans which can be met in any direction under the guise of honest traders.

Now that the colonists had returned, it was to be expected the pirates would avenge themselves for the injuries inflicted by the Reynard, and it was more than probable these reprisals would be made at the earliest possible moment. As Mr. Clark suggested:

"This time there will be no warning given. The weapon we found serves to notify any of their friends we may have with us to be on the alert, and when the scoundrels come again it will be with the utmost secrecy."

The ship which brought the natives from Batavia must also be taken back, and there were hardly more than sufficient able-bodied men left after the

battle to work both crafts into port. If, therefore, the pirates should attack while the vessels were at anchor, it would be possible to make only the slightest show of defense. The Malays could easily finish that which Goliah had begun, and the massacre would be complete.

"Since we have decided to visit the cave," Captain Seaworth said, as the council of war was brought to a close, "I believe it should be done without loss of time. The apes have received such a punishment as will probably prevent them from renewing hostilities until after they have recovered somewhat from the effects of the battle, and the journey can be made more safely to-morrow morning than twelve hours later."

"You might also continue, captain, by saying that it would be safer to go now than wait eighteen hours," Mr. Clark said.

Instead of replying, Captain Seaworth looked at Philip questioningly, and the latter said, after a brief time of thought:

"I am of the opinion that the attempt should be made at once. We can return by sunset, and it will then be possible to take advantage of the night-breeze to get under way."

There was no necessity for any further discussion, and preparations for the journey were begun without delay.

As a matter of course it was necessary to leave behind as many of the able-bodied men as would be sufficient to work the boats, because it was unsafe to

moor the little crafts where the apes might destroy or set them adrift, and after the crew had been told off for this purpose there were but twenty-two uninjured ones to go in search of the treasure.

Few as these were in number, they made a formidable host because of their weapons. Each carried a repeating-rifle, two revolvers, and a cutlass, with ammunition enough to continue a spirited engagement for at least an hour.

The afternoon was not more than half spent when the little party was conveyed from the ship to the shore, and, forming in a column of fours, marched up the southern avenue to the ruins of the village, each man on the alert for the slightest suspicious sound which should betoken the coming of the enemy.

During the march they took note of one singular fact—the absence of any dead or wounded apes.

It was in this avenue that they had seen scores of the enemy fall before the discharge of the cannon, and it was not probable they had killed less than a hundred. On the foliage were stains of blood, and the broken surface of the road showed where the soil had absorbed the life-blood of many a human being as well as animal; but there were no other traces of the fray. Several times did Captain Seaworth and Philip leave the ranks to penetrate a short distance among the underbrush, but without gaining any information as to the disposition of the dead.

On arriving at the ruins of the village it was

found deserted, like the avenue, and the treasure-seekers continued on their way to the grotto.

This last portion of the journey was supposed to be the most dangerous, and yet they reached the mouth of the cavern without having been molested.

The work of carrying away the treasure which had seemed so dangerous now appeared to be a very simple task, and Philip, followed by his companions, marched boldly into the grotto without a thought of danger, when suddenly a shower of stones came from the tunnel with such effect that three of the party were stricken down.

Naturally the first thought of the men was to return the fire; but on raising their weapons there were no adversaries to be seen. As Philip and the chimpanzees had barricaded the passage, so now had Goliah, and a narrow slit at the top of the wall through which the volley of stones had been sent was the only aperture visible.

To aim at this opening would simply be a waste of ammunition, since the bullets could only strike the top of the tunnel, and this Philip understood in a very few seconds.

There was no necessity, however, for him to advise the beating of a retreat. Each man in turn, on finding himself confronted by a shower of stones when no enemy was visible, took refuge outside the grotto, some of the more thoughtful carrying the wounded with them; and here the gold-hunters took counsel together.

"We can now understand why there were no

wounded to be seen," Captain Seaworth said. "The big baboon has profited by Mr. Garland's example and fortified himself in this place, where he has most likely set up a hospital. The question now is, Can we dislodge him with the force at our command?"

"To that question I say, most emphatically, No," Philip replied. "The passage is so long, the amount of rock in the chambers so great, that a thousand men would hardly be sufficient to vanquish the apes while they remain in a position which is almost impregnable."

"Do you mean that we cannot recover the treasure?" Mr. Clark asked in surprise.

"You can answer that as well as I," was Philip's reply. "The tunnel is not less than forty feet long, and through it but two men can pass at a time. At the further end we may safely say there are not less than five hundred apes, who can procure plenty of their peculiar ammunition by overturning the stalactites; and from your experience in monkey warfare do you fancy, now our party is reduced to nineteen, that we can effect an entrance?"

"It may be that only a few of the baboon's followers have taken refuge here," Mr. Clark suggested; and the captain replied, quickly:

"There can be little doubt but that they are all within the chamber, otherwise we should most certainly have been attacked while coming up the road. Mr. Garland has described the structure of this place so well that we can fully understand the condition of affairs, and I see no possible chance of re-

covering the treasure until the apes have retreated."

"Which is the same as saying that we must abandon all hope of getting it, since it would be hardly less than madness to remain here in view of the fact that the pirates may return at any moment," Mr. Clark added.

"Exactly so, gentlemen; but at the same time I leave it to you to say whether we shall go, or remain in the faint hope of being able to dislodge the baboon army."

However eager the party might be to gain possession of the vast treasure which they knew to be in the cavern, all were forced to confess that under present circumstances it was impossible to obtain it, and with one accord the march to the sea was taken up.

Already had the night-wind begun to blow. The ships were rising and falling on the swelling sea, tugging at their cables as if impatient to be away, while far on the horizon toward the south could be seen, by the naked eye, a tiny smudge of black which betokened the coming of some craft, for no land lay within the range of vision in that direction.

"Ahoy on the Reynard!" Captain Seaworth shouted, and in the absence of any officer the surgeon answered the hail.

"Have the lookouts reported a sail in the vicinity?"

"Ay, ay, sir. A fleet of proas coming from the southward. Most likely the pirates whom we met before."

This was sufficient to settle the question of treasure-seeking, if that which had been seen at the grotto was not convincing; and although Goliah had wrought so much destruction, to him they were now probably indebted for their lives, since, if it had been possible to enter the subterranean chamber, they would have remained several hours, in which time the Malays could have approached so near as to render flight impossible.

In less than thirty minutes both ships were under way, every sail set and drawing, and before the island of apes had faded in the distance the pirate fleet was lost to view.

The scheme of colonizing the island was a failure. It had cost the lives of many, the limbs of not a few, and all the property brought from New York, while absolutely nothing had been accomplished.

The port of Batavia was made without incident, and, after only so long a stay as was necessary to settle up certain business matters connected with the corporation, the Reynard set sail for the home port.

To-day Philip Garland is in New York, and with him are the two chimpanzees; but whether he ever returns to the island, of which he was once king, in search of the vast treasure known to be there, is a question he only can answer, and at the present time he has not decided.

[THE END.]

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The central interest of this story is found in the thrilling adventures of two cousins, Hermon and Eustace Hadley, on their trip across the island of Java, from Samarang to the Sacred Mountain. In a land where the Royal Bengal tiger runs at large; where the rhinoceros and other fierce beasts are to be met with at unexpected moments; it is but natural that the heroes of this book should have a lively experience. Hermon not only distinguishes himself by killing a full-grown tiger at short range, but meets with the most startling adventure of the journey. There is much in this narrative to instruct as well as entertain the reader, and so deftly has Mr. Ellis used his material that there is not a dull page in the book. The two heroes are brave, manly young fellows, bubbling over with boyish independence. They cope with the many difficulties that arise during the trip in a fearless way that is bound to win the admiration of every lad who is so fortunate as to read their adventures.

Wrecked on Spider Island; or, How Ned Rogers Found the Treasure. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A "down-east" plucky lad who ships as cabin boy, not from love of adventure, but because it is the only course remaining by which he can gain a livelihood. While in his bunk, seasick, Ned Rogers hears the captain and mate discussing their plans for the willful wreck of the brig in order to gain the insurance. Once it is known he is in possession of the secret the captain maroons him on Spider Island, explaining to the crew that the boy is afflicted with leprosy. While thus involuntarily playing the part of a Crusoe, Ned discovers a wreck submerged in the sand, and overhauling the timbers for the purpose of gathering material with which to build a hut finds a considerable amount of treasure. Raising the wreck; a voyage to Havana under sail; shipping there a crew and running for Savannah; the attempt of the crew to seize the little craft after learning of the treasure on board, and, as a matter of course, the successful ending of the journey, all serve to make as entertaining a story of sea-life as the most captious boy could desire.

Geoff and Jim: A Story of School Life. By ISMAY THORN. Illustrated by A. G. WALKER. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"This is a prettily told story of the life spent by two motherless bairns at a small preparatory school. Both Geoff and Jim are very lovable characters, only Jim is the more so; and the scrapes he gets into and the trials he endures will, no doubt, interest a large circle of young readers."—*Church Times.*

"This is a capital children's story, the characters well portrayed, and the book tastefully bound and well illustrated."—*Schoolmaster.*

"The story can be heartily recommended as a present for boys."—*Standard.*

The Castaways; or, On the Florida Reefs. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This tale smacks of the salt sea. It is just the kind of story that the majority of boys yearn for. From the moment that the Sea Queen dispenses with the services of the tug in lower New York bay till the breeze leaves her becalmed off the coast of Florida, one can almost hear the whistle of the wind through her rigging, the creak of her straining cordage as she heels to the leeward, and feel her rise to the snow-capped waves which her sharp bow cuts into twin streaks of foam. Off Marquesas Keys she floats in a dead calm. Ben Clark, the hero of the story, and Jake, the cook, spy a turtle asleep upon the glassy surface of the water. They determine to capture him, and take a boat for that purpose, and just as they succeed in catching him a thick fog cuts them off from the vessel, and then their troubles begin. They take refuge on board a drifting hulk, a storm arises and they are cast ashore upon a low sandy key. Their adventures from this point cannot fail to charm the reader. As a writer for young people Mr. Otis is a prime favorite. His style is captivating, and never for a moment does he allow the interest to flag. In "The Castaways" he is at his best.

Tom Thatcher's Fortune. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Like all of Mr. Alger's heroes, Tom Thatcher is a brave, ambitious, unselfish boy. He supports his mother and sister on meager wages earned as a shoe-pegger in John Simpson's factory. The story begins with Tom's discharge from the factory, because Mr. Simpson felt annoyed with the lad for interrogating him too closely about his missing father. A few days afterward Tom learns that which induces him to start overland for California with the view of probing the family mystery. He meets with many adventures. Ultimately he returns to his native village, bringing consternation to the soul of John Simpson, who only escapes the consequences of his villainy by making full restitution to the man whose friendship he had betrayed. The story is told in that entertaining way which has made Mr. Alger's name a household word in so many homes.

Birdie: A Tale of Child Life. By H. L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON. Illustrated by H. W. RAINEY. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"The story is quaint and simple, but there is a freshness about it that makes one hear again the ringing laugh and the cheery shout of children at play which charmed his earlier years."—*New York Express.*

Popular Fairy Tales. By the BROTHERS GRIMM. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"From first to last, almost without exception, these stories are delightful."—*Athenæum.*

With Lafayette at Yorktown: A Story of How Two Boys Joined the Continental Army. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The two boys are from Portsmouth, N. H., and are introduced in August, 1781, when on the point of leaving home to enlist in Col. Scammell's regiment, then stationed near New York City. Their method of traveling is on horseback, and the author has given an interesting account of what was expected from boys in the Colonial days. The lads, after no slight amount of adventure, are sent as messengers—not soldiers—into the south to find the troops under Lafayette. Once with that youthful general they are given employment as spies, and enter the British camp, bringing away valuable information. The pictures of camp-life are carefully drawn, and the portrayal of Lafayette's character is thoroughly well done. The story is wholesome in tone, as are all of Mr. Otis' works. There is no lack of exciting incident which the youthful reader craves, but it is healthful excitement brimming with facts which every boy should be familiar with, and while the reader is following the adventures of Ben Jaffreys and Ned Allen he is acquiring a fund of historical lore which will remain in his memory long after that which he has memorized from text-books has been forgotten.

Lost in the Canon: Sam Willett's Adventures on the Great Colorado. By ALFRED R. CALHOUN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This story hinges on a fortune left to Sam Willett, the hero, and the fact that it will pass to a disreputable relative if the lad dies before he shall have reached his majority. The Vigilance Committee of Hurley's Gulch arrest Sam's father and an associate for the crime of murder. Their lives depend on the production of the receipt given for money paid. This is in Sam's possession at the camp on the other side of the cañon. A messenger is dispatched to get it. He reaches the lad in the midst of a fearful storm which floods the cañon. His father's peril urges Sam to action. A raft is built on which the boy and his friends essay to cross the torrent. They fail to do so, and a desperate trip down the stream ensues. How the party finally escape from the horrors of their situation and Sam reaches Hurley's Gulch in the very nick of time, is described in a graphic style that stamps Mr. Calhoun as a master of his art.

Jack: A Topsy Turvy Story. By C. M. CRAWLEY-BOEVEY. With upward of Thirty Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"The illustrations deserve particular mention, as they add largely to the interest of this amusing volume for children. Jack falls asleep with his mind full of the subject of the fishpond, and is very much surprised presently to find himself an inhabitant of Waterworld, where he goes though wonderful and edifying adventures. A handsome and pleasant book."—*Literary World.*

Search for the Silver City: A Tale of Adventure in Yucatan. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Two American lads, Teddy Wright and Neal Emery, embark on the steam yacht Day Dream for a short summer cruise to the tropics. Homeward bound the yacht is destroyed by fire. All hands take to the boats, but during the night the boat is cast upon the coast of Yucatan. They come across a young American named Cummings, who entertains them with the story of the wonderful Silver City, of the Chan Santa Cruz Indians. Cummings proposes with the aid of a faithful Indian ally to brave the perils of the swamp and carry off a number of the golden images from the temples. Pursued with relentless vigor for days their situation is desperate. At last their escape is effected in an astonishing manner. Mr. Otis has built his story on an historical foundation. It is so full of exciting incidents that the reader is quite carried away with the novelty and realism of the narrative.

Frank Fowler, the Cash Boy. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Thrown upon his own resources Frank Fowler, a poor boy, bravely determines to make a living for himself and his foster-sister Grace. Going to New York he obtains a situation as cash boy in a dry goods store. He renders a service to a wealthy old gentleman named Wharton, who takes a fancy to the lad. Frank, after losing his place as cash boy, is enticed by an enemy to a lonesome part of New Jersey and held a prisoner. This move recoils upon the plotter, for it leads to a clue that enables the lad to establish his real identity. Mr. Alger's stories are not only unusually interesting, but they convey a useful lesson of pluck and manly independence.

Budd Boyd's Triumph; or, the Boy Firm of Fox Island. By WILLIAM P. CHIPMAN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The scene of this story is laid on the upper part of Narragansett Bay, and the leading incidents have a strong salt-water flavor. Owing to the conviction of his father for forgery and theft, Budd Boyd is compelled to leave his home and strike out for himself. Chance brings Budd in contact with Judd Floyd. The two boys, being ambitious and clear sighted, form a partnership to catch and sell fish. The scheme is successfully launched, but the unexpected appearance on the scene of Thomas Bagsley, the man whom Budd believes guilty of the crimes attributed to his father, leads to several disagreeable complications that nearly caused the lad's ruin. His pluck and good sense, however, carry him through his troubles. In following the career of the boy firm of Boyd & Floyd, the youthful reader will find a useful lesson—that industry and perseverance are bound to lead to ultimate success.

The Errand Boy; or, How Phil Brent Won Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The career of "The Errand Boy" embraces the city adventures of a smart country lad who at an early age was abandoned by his father. Philip was brought up by a kind-hearted innkeeper named Brent. The death of Mrs. Brent paved the way for the hero's subsequent troubles. Accident introduces him to the notice of a retired merchant in New York, who not only secures him the situation of errand boy but thereafter stands as his friend. An unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, however, brings Philip and his father together. In "The Errand Boy" Philip Brent is possessed of the same sterling qualities so conspicuous in all of the previous creations of this delightful writer for our youth.

The Slate Picker: The Story of a Boy's Life in the Coal Mines. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This is a story of a boy's life in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. There are many thrilling situations, notably that of Ben Burton's leap into the "lion's mouth"—the yawning shute in the breakers—to escape a beating at the hands of the savage Spilkins, the overseer. Gracie Gordon is a little angel in rags, Terence O'Dowd is a manly, sympathetic lad, and Enoch Evans, the miner-poet, is a big-hearted, honest fellow, a true friend to all whose burdens seem too heavy for them to bear. Ben Burton, the hero, had a hard road to travel, but by grit and energy he advanced step by step until he found himself called upon to fill the position of chief engineer of the Kohinoor Coal Company.

A Runaway Brig; or, An Accidental Cruise. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"A Runaway Brig" is a sea tale, pure and simple, and that's where it strikes a boy's fancy. The reader can look out upon the wide shimmering sea as it flashes back the sunlight, and imagine himself afloat with Harry Vandyne, Walter Morse, Jim Libby and that old shell-back, Bob Brace, on the brig Bonita, which lands on one of the Bahama keys. Finally three strangers steal the craft, leaving the rightful owners to shift for themselves aboard a broken-down tug. The boys discover a mysterious document which enables them to find a buried treasure, then a storm comes on and the tug is stranded. At last a yacht comes in sight and the party with the treasure is taken off the lonely key. The most exacting youth is sure to be fascinated with this entertaining story.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"If I were asked to select a child's library I should name these three volumes 'English,' 'Celtic,' and 'Indian Fairy Tales,' with Grimm and Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales."—*Independent.*

The Island Treasure; or, Harry Darrel's Fortune. By FRANK H. CONVERSE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Harry Darrel, an orphan, having received a nautical training on a school-ship, is bent on going to sea with a boyish acquaintance named Dan Plunket. A runaway horse changes his prospects. Harry saves Dr. Gregg from drowning and the doctor presents his preserver with a bit of property known as Gregg's Island, and makes the lad sailing-master of his sloop yacht. A piratical hoard is supposed to be hidden somewhere on the island. After much search and many thwarted plans, at last Dan discovers the treasure and is the means of finding Harry's father. Mr. Converse's stories possess a charm of their own which is appreciated by lads who delight in good healthy tales that smack of salt water.

The Boy Explorers: The Adventures of Two Boys in Alaska. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Two boys, Raymond and Spencer Manning, travel from San Francisco to Alaska to join their father in search of their uncle, who, it is believed, was captured and detained by the inhabitants of a place called the "Heart of Alaska." On their arrival at Sitka the boys with an Indian guide set off across the mountains. The trip is fraught with perils that test the lads' courage to the utmost. Reaching the Yukon River they build a raft and float down the stream, entering the Mysterious River, from which they barely escape with their lives, only to be captured by natives of the Heart of Alaska. All through their exciting adventures the lads demonstrate what can be accomplished by pluck and resolution, and their experience makes one of the most interesting tales ever written.

The Treasure Finders: A Boy's Adventures in Nicaragua. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Roy and Dean Coloney, with their guide Tongla, leave their father's indigo plantation to visit the wonderful ruins of an ancient city. The boys eagerly explore the dismantled temples of an extinct race and discover three golden images cunningly hidden away. They escape with the greatest difficulty; by taking advantage of a festive gathering they seize a canoe and fly down the river. Eventually they reach safety with their golden prizes. Mr. Otis is the prince of story tellers, for he handles his material with consummate skill. We doubt if he has ever written a more entertaining story than "The Treasure Finders."

Household Fairy Tales. By the BROTHERS GRIMM. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"As a collection of fairy tales to delight children of all ages this work ranks second to none."—*Daily Graphic.*

Dan the Newsboy. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The reader is introduced to Dan Mordaunt and his mother living in a poor tenement, and the lad is pluckily trying to make ends meet by selling papers in the streets of New York. A little heiress of six years is confided to the care of the Mordaunts. At the same time the lad obtains a position in a wholesale house. He soon demonstrates how valuable he is to the firm by detecting the bookkeeper in a bold attempt to rob his employers. The child is kidnaped and Dan tracks the child to the house where she is hidden, and rescues her. The wealthy aunt of the little heiress is so delighted with Dan's courage and many good qualities that she adopts him as her heir, and the conclusion of the book leaves the hero on the high road to every earthly desire.

Tony the Hero: A Brave Boy's Adventure with a Tramp. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Tony, a sturdy bright-eyed boy of fourteen, is under the control of Rudolph Rugg, a thorough rascal, shiftless and lazy, spending his time tramping about the country. After much abuse Tony runs away and gets a job as stable boy in a country hotel. Tony is heir to a large estate in England, and certain persons find it necessary to produce proof of the lad's death. Rudolph for a consideration hunts up Tony and throws him down a deep well. Of course Tony escapes from the fate provided for him, and by a brave act makes a rich friend, with whom he goes to England, where he secures his rights and is prosperous. The fact that Mr. Alger is the author of this entertaining book will at once recommend it to all juvenile readers.

A Young Hero; or, Fighting to Win. BY EDWARD S. ELLIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This story tells how a valuable solid silver service was stolen from the Misses Perkinpine, two very old and simple minded ladies. Fred Sheldon, the hero of this story and a friend of the old ladies, undertakes to discover the thieves and have them arrested. After much time spent in detective work, he succeeds in discovering the silver plate and winning the reward for its restoration. During the narrative a circus comes to town and a thrilling account of the escape of the lion from its cage, with its recapture, is told in Mr. Ellis' most fascinating style. Every boy will be glad to read this delightful book.

The Days of Bruce: A Story from Scottish History. By GRACE AGUILAR. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"There is a delightful freshness, sincerity and vivacity about all of Grace Aguilar's stories which cannot fail to win the interest and admiration of every lover of good reading."—*Boston Beacon.*

Tom the Bootblack; or, The Road to Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A bright, enterprising lad was Tom the bootblack. He was not at all ashamed of his humble calling, though always on the lookout to better himself. His guardian, old Jacob Morton, died, leaving him a small sum of money and a written confession that Tom, instead of being of humble origin, was the son and heir of a deceased Western merchant, and had been defrauded out of his just rights by an unscrupulous uncle. The lad started for Cincinnati to look up his heritage. But three years passed away before he obtained his first clue. Mr. Grey, the uncle, did not hesitate to employ a ruffian to kill the lad. The plan failed, and Gilbert Grey, once Tom the bootblack, came into a comfortable fortune. This is one of Mr. Alger's best stories.

Captured by Zulus: A story of Trapping in Africa. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This story details the adventures of two lads, Dick Elsworth and Bob Harvey, in the wilds of South Africa, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of zoological curiosities. By stratagem the Zulus capture Dick and Bob and take them to their principal kraal or village. The lads escape death by digging their way out of the prison hut by night. They are pursued, and after a rough experience the boys eventually rejoin the expedition and take part in several wild animal hunts. The Zulus finally give up pursuit and the expedition arrives at the coast without further trouble. Mr. Prentice has a delightful method of blending fact with fiction. He tells exactly how wild-beast collectors secure specimens on their native stamping grounds, and these descriptions make very entertaining reading.

Tom the Ready; or, Up from the Lowest. By RANDOLPH HILL. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This is a dramatic narrative of the unaided rise of a fearless, ambitious boy from the lowest round of fortune's ladder—the gate of the poorhouse—to wealth and the governorship of his native State. Thomas Seacomb begins life with a purpose. While yet a schoolboy he conceives and presents to the world the germ of the Overland Express Co. At the very outset of his career jealousy and craft seek to blast his promising future. Later he sets out to obtain a charter for a railroad line in connection with the express business. Now he realizes what it is to match himself against capital. Yet he wins and the railroad is built. Only an uncommon nature like Tom's could successfully oppose such a combine. How he manages to win the battle is told by Mr. Hill in a masterful way that thrills the reader and holds his attention and sympathy to the end.

Roy Gilbert's Search: A Tale of the Great Lakes. By WM. P. CHIPMAN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A deep mystery hangs over the parentage of Roy Gilbert. He arranges with two schoolmates to make a tour of the Great Lakes on a steam launch. The three boys leave Erie on the launch and visit many points of interest on the lakes. Soon afterward the lad is conspicuous in the rescue of an elderly gentleman and a lady from a sinking yacht. Later on the cruise of the launch is brought to a disastrous termination and the boys narrowly escape with their lives. The hero is a manly, self-reliant boy, whose adventures will be followed with interest.

The Young Scout; The Story of a West Point Lieutenant. By EDWARD S. ELLIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The crafty Apache chief Geronimo but a few years ago was the most terrible scourge of the southwest border. The author has woven, in a tale of thrilling interest, all the incidents of Geronimo's last raid. The hero is Lieutenant James Decker, a recent graduate of West Point. Ambitious to distinguish himself so as to win well-deserved promotion, the young man takes many a desperate chance against the enemy and on more than one occasion narrowly escapes with his life. The story naturally abounds in thrilling situations, and being historically correct, it is reasonable to believe it will find great favor with the boys. In our opinion Mr. Ellis is the best writer of Indian stories now before the public.

Adrift in the Wilds: The Adventures of Two Shipwrecked Boys. By EDWARD S. ELLIS. 12mo, cloth, price, $1.00.

Elwood Brandon and Howard Lawrence, cousins and schoolmates, accompanied by a lively Irishman called O'Rooney, are en route for San Francisco. Off the coast of California the steamer takes fire. The two boys and their companion reach the shore with several of the passengers. While O'Rooney and the lads are absent inspecting the neighborhood O'Rooney has an exciting experience and young Brandon becomes separated from his party. He is captured by hostile Indians, but is rescued by an Indian whom the lads had assisted. This is a very entertaining narrative of Southern California in the days immediately preceding the construction of the Pacific railroads. Mr. Ellis seems to be particularly happy in this line of fiction, and the present story is fully as entertaining as anything he has ever written.

The Red Fairy Book. Edited by ANDREW LANG. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"A gift-book that will charm any child, and all older folk who have been fortunate enough to retain their taste for the old nursery stories."—*Literary World.*

The Boy Cruisers; or, Paddling in Florida. By St. George Rathborne. 12mo, cloth, price, $1.00.

Boys who like an admixture of sport and adventure will find this book just to their taste. We promise them that they will not go to sleep over the rattling experiences of Andrew George and Roland Carter, who start on a canoe trip along the Gulf coast, from Key West to Tampa, Florida. Their first adventure is with a pair of rascals who steal their boats. Next they run into a gale in the Gulf and have a lively experience while it lasts. After that they have a lively time with alligators and divers varieties of the finny tribe. Andrew gets into trouble with a band of Seminole Indians and gets away without having his scalp raised. After this there is no lack of fun till they reach their destination. That Mr. Rathborne knows just how to interest the boys is apparent at a glance, and lads who are in search of a rare treat will do well to read this entertaining story.

Guy Harris: The Runaway. By Harry Castlemon. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Guy Harris lived in a small city on the shore of one of the Great Lakes. His head became filled with quixotic notions of going West to hunt grizzlies, in fact, Indians. He is persuaded to go to sea, and gets a glimpse of the rough side of life in a sailor's boarding house. He ships on a vessel and for five months leads a hard life. He deserts his ship at San Francisco and starts out to become a backwoodsman, but rough experiences soon cure him of all desire to be a hunter. At St. Louis he becomes a clerk and for a time he yields to the temptations of a great city. The book will not only interest boys generally on account of its graphic style, but will put many facts before their eyes in a new light. This is one of Castlemon's most attractive stories.

The Train Boy. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Paul Palmer was a wide-awake boy of sixteen who supported his mother and sister by selling books and papers on one of the trains running between Chicago and Milwaukee. He detects a young man named Luke Denton in the act of picking the pocket of a young lady, and also incurs the enmity of his brother Stephen, a worthless follow. Luke and Stephen plot to ruin Paul, but their plans are frustrated. In a railway accident many passengers are killed, but Paul is fortunate enough to assist a Chicago merchant, who out of gratitude takes him into his employ. Paul is sent to manage a mine in Custer City and executes his commission with tact and judgment and is well started on the road to business prominence. This is one of Mr. Alger's most attractive stories and is sure to please all readers.

Joe's Luck: A Boy's Adventures in California. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Without a doubt Joe Mason was a lucky boy, but he deserved the golden chances that fell to his lot, for he had the pluck and ambition to push himself to the front. Joe had but one dollar in the world when he stood despondently on the California Mail Steamship Co.'s dock in New York watching the preparations incident to the departure of the steamer. The same dollar was still Joe's entire capital when he landed in the bustling town of tents and one-story cabins—the San Francisco of '51, and inside of the week the boy was proprietor of a small restaurant earning a comfortable profit. The story is chock full of stirring incidents, while the amusing situations are furnished by Joshua Bickford, from Pumpkin Hollow, and the fellow who modestly styles himself the "Rip-tail Roarer, from Pike Co., Missouri." Mr. Alger never writes a poor book, and "Joe's Luck" is certainly one of his best.

Three Bright Girls: A Story of Chance and Mischance. By ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG. With full page Illustrations by W. PARKINSON. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

By a sudden turn of fortune's wheel the three heroines of this story are brought down from a household of lavish comfort to meet the incessant cares and worries of those who have to eke out a very limited income. And the charm of the story lies in the cheery helpfulness of spirit developed in the girls by their changed circumstances; while the author finds a pleasant ending to all their happy makeshifts.

"The story is charmingly told, and the book can be warmly recommended as a present for girls."—*Standard.*

Giannetta: A Girl's Story of Herself. By ROSA MULHOLLAND. With full-page Illustrations by LOCKHART BOGLE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The daughter of a gentleman, who had married a poor Swiss girl, was stolen as an infant by some of her mother's relatives. The child having died, they afterward for the sake of gain substitute another child for it, and the changeling, after becoming a clever modeler of clay images, is suddenly transferred to the position of a rich heiress. She develops into a good and accomplished woman, and though the imposture of her early friends is finally discovered, she has gained too much love and devotion to be really a sufferer by the surrender of her estates.

"Extremely well told and full of interest. Giannetta is a true heroine—warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, and, as all good women nowadays are, largely touched with enthusiasm of humanity. The illustrations are unusually good. One of the most attractive gift books of the season."—*The Academy.*

Margery Merton's Girlhood. By ALICE CORKRAN. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The experiences of an orphan girl who in infancy is left by her father—an officer in India—to the care of an elderly aunt residing near Paris. The accounts of the various persons who have an after influence on the story, the school companions of Margery, the sisters of the Conventual College of Art, the professor, and the peasantry of Fontainebleau, are singularly vivid. There is a subtle attraction about the book which will make it a great favorite with thoughtful girls.

"Another book for girls we can warmly commend. There is a delightful piquancy in the experiences and trials of a young English girl who studies painting in Paris."—*Saturday Review.*

Under False Colors: A Story from Two Girls' Lives. By SARAH DOUDNEY. With full-page Illustrations by G. G. KILBURNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story which has in it so strong a dramatic element that it will attract readers of all ages and of either sex. The incidents of the plot, arising from the thoughtless indulgence of a deceptive freak, are exceedingly natural, and the keen interest of the narrative is sustained from beginning to end.

"Sarah Doudney has no superior as a writer of high-toned stories—pure in style, original in conception, and with skillfully wrought out plots; but we have seen nothing equal in dramatic energy to this book."—*Christian Leader.*

Down the Snow Stairs; or, From Good-night to Good-morning. By ALICE CORKRAN. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

This is a remarkable story: full of vivid fancy and quaint originality. In its most fantastic imaginings it carries with it a sense of reality, and derives a singular attraction from that combination of simplicity, originality, and subtle humor, which is so much appreciated by lively and thoughtful children. Children of a larger growth will also be deeply interested in Kitty's strange journey, and her wonderful experiences.

"Among all the Christmas volumes which the year has brought to our table this one stands out *facile princeps*—a gem of the first water, bearing upon every one of its pages the signet mark of genius. . . . All is told with such simplicity and perfect naturalness that the dream appears to be a solid reality. It is indeed a Little Pilgrim's Progress."—*Christian Leader.*

The Tapestry Room: A Child's Romance. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"Mrs. Molesworth is a charming painter of the nature and ways of children; and she has done good service in giving us this charming juvenile which will delight the young people."—*Athenæum,* London.

Little Miss Peggy: Only a Nursery Story. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. With Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

Mrs. Molesworth's children are finished studies. She is never sentimental, but writes common sense in a straightforward manner. A joyous earnest spirit pervades her work, and her sympathy is unbounded. She loves them with her whole heart, while she lays bare their little minds, and expresses their foibles, their faults, their virtues, their inward struggles, their conception of duty, and their instinctive knowledge of the right and wrong of things. She knows their characters, she understands their wants, and she desires to help them.

Polly: A New Fashioned Girl. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Few authors have achieved a popularity equal to Mrs. Meade as a writer of stories for young girls. Her characters are living beings of flesh and blood, not lay figures of conventional type. Into the trials and crosses, and everyday experiences, the reader enters at once with zest and hearty sympathy. While Mrs. Meade always writes with a high moral purpose, her lessons of life, purity and nobility of character are rather inculcated by example than intruded as sermons.

Rosy. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

Mrs. Molesworth, considering the quality and quantity of her labors, is the best story-teller for children England has yet known. This is a bold statement and requires substantiation. Mrs. Molesworth, during the last six years, has never failed to occupy a prominent place among the juvenile writers of the season.

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